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OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No 55.—HON. STEPHEN RICHARDS, Q. C.,
COMMISSIONER OF CROWN LANDS, ONT.

Among the members of the Ontario Cabinet it can hardly be said that any one holds a more important portfolio than that of the Crown Lands Commissioner. The administration of the Crown Lands of the Upper Province has ever been a matter of much concern, and no little embarrassment to the Government, and of late years the feeling had grown so strong in favour of a total revision of the system, that the continuation of old rules and regulations was only tolerated because of the belief that the then expected accomplishment of Confederation would soon put an end to it. In the autumn of 1864, when the Hon. D. L. Macpherson successfully contested the representation of the Saugeen Division against the Hon. Mr. McMurich, the previous member, the Crown Lands policy was a theme of earnest discussion, and Mr. Macpherson attacked it with such persistency and vigour that he may be said to have utterly undermined its foundations. He advocated the adoption of the free homestead system on the most liberal basis; the confirmation of the claims against Crown Lands settlers, based upon the speculative prices of eight or ten years before; the appointment of a commission to appraise and determine the value of lands purchased but unpaid for, &c., &c., and, altogether, he set the mind of the western peninsula, especially of the counties of Bruce, Grey, and Simcoe—and, we may add, of Wellington and Huron—thinking seriously on the Crown Lands administration, and the universal verdict was that it had been faulty, and ought to be changed. Other parts of the Province were not slow to sympathise with these views, and when, during the session of 1865, Mr. Macpherson brought the subject before the consideration of the Legislative Council, he received very general support, not only in that body, but throughout the two Provinces, the press and many public men being in favour of the reforms he urged. However, it was the season of delays; "Wait until after Confederation is accomplished" was the invariable answer to every

demand for change; and notably so with respect to the Crown domain, because it was very properly argued that, as the Crown Lands were to be handed over to each Province, it would be unfair, or at least unwise, to introduce a new system that, in a year or two, might be set aside. Thus it came to pass that, though for several years the

are accepted by all parties, without hesitation, as decided improvements. It has been in the Crown Lands Department that some of the most important alterations in previously existing laws have been made. The free grant system and home-stead law; the reformed mining regulations; the composition with settlers in arrears on all save

the school lands—a special trust—have all been measures introduced and carried by the Ontario Government, immediately connected with the Department over which the Hon. Mr. Richards presides. In addition to the preparation of these measures, an immense amount of arrearages has had to be dealt with—cases pending for many years, the papers relating to which had grown musty in the pigeon-holes of the Department—and these, we understand, have been brought to a settlement with a promptitude unknown under the old régime. Vigorous efforts have also been made to collect from all settlers, who were able, but unwilling, to pay the arrears due on their lots, thinking it better to hold the Government's money at six per cent., simple interest, so long as they could make double the percentage upon it and compound it too. In this matter Mr. Richards has encountered no small share of censure, and perhaps the mode adopted was not always the best one; but, in simple justice to those who had paid in full, it was only right that the Government should endeavour to collect from the defaulters. The plan now adopted, however, is likely in time to close up the whole business, and to give fair consideration to those who, having inferior lands, ought not

to be expected to pay at the same rate as those who got the choice lots in the Province. In all these important reforms, the course of Mr. Richards has been marked by extreme caution. No whim has been rashly adopted; but every change has been introduced after mature deliberation, and, when put in force, has speedily developed its wisdom, until now it may be said that Ontario has the most efficient and progressive land policy in the Dominion.

Stephen Richards is the son of the late Stephen



HON. STEPHEN RICHARDS, Q. C., COMMISSIONER OF CROWN LANDS, ONTARIO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.

public mind was ripe for a change, the old system continued in force, everybody condemning it, until the Local Legislatures were organised.

The Ontario Ministry, under the leadership of the Hon. J. S. Macdonald, was composed of men distinguished for their adhesion to principles of constitutional, rather than of administrative, reform; yet, amongst the measures they have passed, since coming into power, there is scarcely one that does not bear the character of a thoroughly practical change, and many of the changes

Richards, of Brockville, and brother of the Hon. Judge Richards, Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench. After studying at Toronto, he was called to the Bar in 1844, and created Queen's Counsel in 1858. His family was noted for its Reform proclivities, and he himself was an active member of the party; but his not very congenial manners to those whom he might casually meet, probably stood in the way of his political preferment, hence, despite the most influential backing among the leaders of his party, he was defeated in his first attempt to get into Parliament for South Oxford in 1861. He was no more fortunate in 1863, though he then held the office of Solicitor-General in the Macdonald-Dorion Cabinet; but at that time it must be confessed he had to face a full battery of the heaviest guns in the Conservative artillery. In July, 1867, he was offered and accepted a seat in the Executive Council of Ontario, with the office of Commissioner of Crown Lands, and at the first election after the Union offered himself for South Leeds. Here again he was defeated, though by a small majority—seven, we believe—but after a few months' delay he was elected, almost unanimously, for the old borough of Niagara, the member-elect, Donald Robertson, Esq., having resigned in his favour. It may be judged from these rebuffs at the polls that Mr. Richards' strength does not lie in his faculty for pleasing the crowd, or of winning what is called "personal popularity," but rather in his native ability, which only his intimate acquaintances can appreciate, and in his unflinching integrity in the discharge of, and steady devotion to, his public duties. Without show or palaver, he has associated his name with some of the most important measures passed during the first session of the Legislature of Ontario; measures which, combining the closest system of economy (some think too close) with the greatest development of progress, have already borne fruit in the extraordinary advancement now going on in that Province, but the full extent of the beneficial results of which can only be felt after many years. Mr. Richards is a Bencher of the U. C. Law Society.

THE MANITOBA ELECTIONS.

The elections for the Legislative Assembly of the new Province of Manitoba have passed off in the midst of considerable excitement but without serious disturbance. The ultra-loyal, or self-styled Canadian party has come to signal grief, Dr. Schultz having been beaten by no other than Mr. Donald Smith, by a majority of seven. Mr. Monkman, who accompanied Drs. Lynch and Schultz to Ontario and Quebec, last summer, is also among the defeated, while the names of Lynch, Mair, &c., are not even mentioned in connection with the contest. The correspondent of the *Globe* was an unsuccessful candidate for one of the electoral divisions, thus the "advanced" party met with disaster on every side.

Of the twenty-four gentlemen elected to form the first Legislative Assembly there are two native Whites, and seven English and six French half-breeds, making a total native representation of fifteen, a very large proportion when the circumstances of the Province are considered. The remaining nine members are distinguished by nationality thus: Four Lower Canadians, one Upper Canadian, one Englishman, one Irishman, one Scotchman, and one American. The names of the members elect are: Angus McKay, John Morquay, Joseph Debuc, J. Royal, J. H. Clarke (late of this city), Louis Schmidt, Marc Girard, A. Beauchemin, John H. McTavish—all elected by acclamation; and F. Bird, David Spence, P. Bretard, John Taylor, Edwin Bourke, Joseph Lemay, Pierre Delorme, George Klyne, Donald A. Smith, John Sutherland, Dr. Bird, E. Hay, A. Boyd, Thomas Bunn, Capt. Howard (of St. John's, P. Q.). In several instances the contest was close, two members sitting in virtue of their own votes. There was some display of a disposition to "vote early and often" in the town of Winnipeg, where Mr. D. A. Smith and Dr. Schultz were candidates, as upwards of one hundred and thirty votes were recorded, though there were less than seventy good votes in the division. This shows that the Winnipeggers appreciate the advantages of representative institutions. Upon the whole the new Province may well be congratulated on the result of its first local election.

FORT LENNOX, ISLE AUX NOIX.

Isle aux Noix, in the river Richelieu, about nine miles from the American frontier, and fifteen miles from St. Johns, E. T., is considered a point of great strategic importance for defensive purposes, especially in case the enemy had his base on our southern border. There is a fort erected on the island called Fort Lennox, which, before its transfer from the Imperial to the Canadian authorities, mounted twelve guns; but these guns are now transferred to St. Helen's Island, in the St. Lawrence, opposite this city. Fort Lennox has barrack accommodation for six hundred men, and contains a large magazine, artillery, store-room, &c., &c. The fort is a square, with bastioned fronts, surrounded by a wet ditch, and has two or three wells under it for the use of the garrison.

Isle aux Noix, which is regarded by military men as capable of being made an important out-post in the defences of Montreal, is about two miles long, by three-quarters of a mile broad, and is generally rather low and swampy, though the cultivated portion is very fertile. The swamps are full of bitterns and water hens, and the island furnishes an excellent field for sportsmen, duck, snipe, cock, and plover being plentiful; while the angler finds in the surrounding waters an abundant supply of pike, black and rock bass, pickerel, perch, catfish, sunfish, &c. The scenery about and around the island is very picturesque.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS D'AOSTA, KING AND QUEEN ELECT OF SPAIN.

So far back as October, 1868, the *Daily News*, in a letter from its Florence correspondent, announced that negotiations were going on between King Victor Emmanuel and Marshal Prim for the candidature of an Italian Prince to the Spanish throne. At that time Prince Humbert had been married only a few months, and in case of his demise the only successor to the throne would have been the Duke d'Aosta. It was precisely this Prince whom Victor Emmanuel wished to place on the throne of Spain. The Prince, who is devotedly attached to his wife and fond of domestic life, found himself very undecided as to the course he should take in the matter. He declined giving any positive answer, and submitted the affair entirely to the decision of his wife. The Duchess d'Aosta counselled him to refuse the candidature, and the Prince adopted the unusual course of asking and acting according to the counsel received. The King of Italy was very much displeased at his refusal, and it is said that a perfect family squabble took place at the Pitti Palace; but the Duke d'Aosta held fast to his resolution. Time passed on, and after the disastrous Hohenzollern candidature the Duke d'Aosta was again selected as an eligible occupant of the vacant throne of Spain, and he was finally elected by a majority of 71 out of a Parliament of 329 members. A deputation of distinguished Spanish officials was sent from Madrid to Florence to offer the crown to the Duke of Aosta, and he accepted it in a modest, spirited and sensible speech. This reply of the new King of Spain has been greatly admired by his new subjects; it will be more admired and appreciated by them when his actions have proved to the Spanish nation that it is only the faithful reflection of a thoroughly honourable and honest mind.

The King of Spain was born in 1844: he commenced his career as a captain in the infantry, and attained the rank of brigadier-general. He then left the army for the navy, in which he is a vice-admiral. He married in 1867 the Princess della Cisterna, the richest heiress in Italy. He has two children, one born since his accession to royal dignity. His heir, by a curious coincidence, bears the name of Emmanuel Philibert, the name of that Prince of Savoy to whose genius Spain is indebted for the most signal victory her arms ever obtained over those of France.

That the King and Queen of Spain are by their personal qualities calculated to win the goodwill of the Spanish nation is a point on which no doubt need be entertained. The King of Spain has sense and courage, tact, discretion, and that happy mixture of dignity and affability which covered a multitude of his father and grandfather's shortcomings. Both the King of Spain and his consort have been the most popular members of the royal family in Italy, and especially at Naples, where the House of Savoy was till lately as utter a stranger as it was in Spain, and where it has long been the object of inveterate prejudice. The new royalties have made a good commencement to their reign by announcing that their civil and military and court staff, after accompanying them to Madrid, will return to Florence. This is an especially commendable course of conduct with regard to Spain, because the Spanish nation is known to be particularly jealous of foreign influences.—*The Queen*.

AT METZ, QUARTERS IN THE THEATRE.

A queer sight would have met the astonished gaze of the regular theatre-goer at Metz, had he directed his steps towards his favourite resort on the evening after the capitulation. An audience such as the walls of the theatre had never looked down upon before, listening to an improvised extravaganza of the most extravagant kind; bearded soldiers, in blue uniforms and spiked helmets, lying at full length on the velvet-covered sofas of the dress-circle, and—oh, sacrilege!—without having taken off their muddy boots; strange looking figures in quaint disguises, perched in every attitude on all sorts of impossible places—some eating, some drinking, and nearly all smoking; an orchestra playing on all sorts of odd instruments, from the big bass to the triangle, and the imposing kettle-drum to the homely watering-pot; and above all a deafening clamour in a harsh, unknown tongue, shouting, laughing, screaming and singing in most dissonant concert. Certes, a sight well calculated to shock the sensibilities of any respectable play-goer of the time, accustomed to strictly observe all the proprieties expected from a white-cravatted frequenter of the dress-circle.

Such is the scene we reproduce this week for the edification of the Canadian reader. On looking at it one seems to hear the shouts and laughter of the assembled soldiers, to be deafened with harsh notes from the orchestra, and to catch, every now and then, a whiff of the execrable Varinas retailed to the German troops. And what a scene it is! *Qualis debacchatio populi debacchantis!* as Jehan Frolo exclaimed on contemplating the orgies of the Truands. What a scene of disorder and riot, as if the Lord of Misrule himself had been let loose in that highly respectable theatre, that had never resounded with more unseemly noise than the plaudits of a satisfied, or the hisses of a discontented audience. The scene is, however, worthy of careful study. On the stage, which is fully lit up as if for a regular performance, a party of half-a-dozen tricked out in the most fantastic dresses they could select from the theatrical wardrobe, are dancing a furious, insensate *cancan*, while the sun and moon above look down upon them, benignly smiling. The boxes are filled with a queer medley of characters. In one, to the left of the stage, Mother Goose, her hands sedately folded before her, gravely watches the performance, to the huge amusement of her escort, a grinning Unteroffizier. Next this couple a lordly sultan and his swinish sultana are pledging a friend on the other side of the house. In an opposite box a party are about to discuss an immense sausage, while scattered around on the benches and sofas are sleeping forms, quietly reposing in the midst of the hubbub

and roar. In the centre of the picture, a huge warrior in Grecian cuirass and nondescript helmet is grimly joking with a party of troopers, one of whom, loudly laughing, is blacking boots, while his comrade is busily employed with needle and thread, mending his clothes. A third is evidently writing home, but is so taken a-back by the magnificent appearance of the lordly Agamemnon, that he unconsciously dips his pen into his wine-glass. But the most amusing group of all are on the right. Seated on the velvet cushions of the first tier, with their legs dangling over the front, a lion and his mate are hotly discussing the merits of the different actors, while a malicious fellow behind lashes the tail of the unconscious king of beasts to the pillar. Below them are seated another group of critics, who employ, the better to distinguish the faces of their comrades, a primitive opera-glass, made of two bottles with their bottoms knocked out, tied together with a piece of cord. The whole scene is extravagantly comic, and speaks well for the spirits of the German troops while on a campaign.

A GERMAN OUTPOST AT ST. CLOUD.

The little village and palace of St. Cloud, to the west of Paris, occupy one of the most elevated situations in that neighbourhood, from which a most magnificent view may be obtained of the city and its environs. A position such as this would have been of the utmost importance to the besieging army as a look-out post, and accordingly, on the arrival of the German army before the walls of Paris, St. Cloud was the first point that attracted the fire of the besieged, who battered the place with such persistent energy that the village has severely suffered, and the château itself—the favourite residence of a long line of kings—is now nothing better than a heap of ruins. The ruins, however, serve the same purpose as the château itself would have done, in affording shelter from the fire of the forts to any corps of observation that might be established there. In this particular they answer perhaps even better than the château would have done while standing, inasmuch as they afford little or no mark to the marine gunners of Mont Valerien, while serving at the same time as a good look-out post. Our illustration shows one of these look-outs among the ruins, commanding the Fort of Mont Valerien. To the left of the picture are two officers, one of whom watches the movements of the hostile garrison by means of the field-glass in the centre, masked behind some empty casks, while the other, seated under cover of a wall, takes notes of proceedings. Before the latter stands a magnificent buhl table, which, with a number of chairs, vases, clocks and statuettes, have been taken from the ruins to form part of the "properties" of the look-out post. "Looking-out," by the way, cannot be such disagreeable work, in the Prussian army at least, for, to judge by the number of bottles on the table, the officers appear to have been enjoying themselves. It is to be hoped the privates on duty were not allowed to go entirely *à sec*.

A HOSPITAL WARD IN THE PALACE AT VERSAILLES.

"Against whom," asked M. Thiers of Ranke, the other day, "against whom does Germany in fact fight at the moment?" "Against Louis XIV.," replied the historian of the Popes, and M. Thiers remained silent. If the Great Louis could rise from his grave at the present time, and revisit the country and the capital to which he added so much, he would have great difficulty in believing his own eyes. France over-run by German armies, Alsace and Lorraine on the point of being re-annexed to the German empire, after having peaceably remained over a hundred years under French rule—Paris itself surrounded, its forts capitulated, the descendant of the elector of Brandenburg proclaimed Emperor of Germany, and distributing rewards to his soldiery under the shadow of the statue of Germany's bitterest enemy—all these facts would seem to him hardly to be credited. Were he to wander through his own halls in the great palace at Versailles, on which he lavished over a thousand millions of francs, and in which he stored riches of every kind that Europe affords, a strange sight would greet him. The palace itself the headquarters of the German invader, and the magnificent halls and endless picture-galleries converted into hospital wards for the wounded Germans, who gaze in astonishment on the matchless splendour which surrounds them. The illustration produced on another page gives a very fair idea of the spectacle presented at the present time by these picture-galleries, tenanted only by patients, nurses, doctors, and Johanniters, with a sprinkling of the servants of the Imperial household, unwillingly pressed into the service of the invaders. Around the rooms, immediately under the magnificent paintings and panellings that adorn the walls, are placed the wounded, on coarse mattresses, covered with blankets. In one corner, by the fireplace, lie three patients in various stages. In the middle a young man barely nineteen, evidently severely wounded in the head, who groans and convulsively clutches at the bed-clothes in his agony; to his right a new-comer, with hand and foot bound up, awaiting the good offices of the surgeon; and on the other side an older man, just recovering, and able to sit up in his bed and take his food from the sweet-faced, patient Sister of Charity who stoops beside him. A few convalescents are scattered about, curiously examining the wonderful workmanship of the Renaissance mantel-piece, with its rich adornments of garlands, nymphs and cupids. A wounded soldier is being brought in, borne on a litter by three *krankenragers*, accompanied by a Johanniter and a gorgeously dressed servant of the palace, who evidently little relishes his position, and unwillingly executes the orders of his new masters. On the whole, a scene rather different to those of which these same walls were witnesses just two hundred years ago, when the ancestor of the present Emperor of Germany was the jest of Louvois, the able French minister of war, and the witty courtiers of "Le Grand Monarque."

THE "PNEUMATIC DISPATCH."—In the subterranean room adjacent to the entrance of the Broadway pneumatic tunnel, a small line of tubing has been arranged in connection with a blower to test some improvements recently suggested in the pneumatic system of transmitting mail matter. On a late visit of Secretary Robeson to the tunnel, the apparatus was put in operation, and a large mail of letters and newspapers sent through the tubes at a velocity of sixty-three miles an hour.—*Artisan*.

SNOW-PLUGS IN A DRIFT.

Among the difficulties with which railroading has to contend in Canada, the "beautiful snow" is not the least formidable. The writer well remembers, nine years ago, a blockade in the Guelph branch of the Great Western, just beyond the Village of Hespeler, where the train was delayed from nine p. m. until one o'clock next day, and the passengers then only escaped by hiring a farmer's team to drive them into Guelph. Two winters ago railway travel was almost suspended for a week because of the terrible drifts piled up upon the tracks; the capital of the Dominion was shut out for three days from communication with the exterior world, and many were the trials endured by hapless wayfarers on the Grand Trunk and other roads. In this issue we give an illustration from a sketch by Mr. Armstrong, of a scene on the Grand Trunk railway near Stratford, Ont., in which the snow-ploughs are making their way through the drift. The scene is one of many that occur throughout the winter season on nearly all parts of the road, but especially on the eastern division, where the winter is more severe and the snowfall heavier than in the West. The Grand Trunk Company is now in a much better position to battle with the snow-drifts than ever it was before, having added two new and powerful snow-ploughs to its working material. The present winter, so far, has not been prolific of great snow-storms, but this month of February will probably remind us of many former experiences in that respect, so that the snow-ploughs will, doubtless, be frequently called into requisition.

THE CENSUS OF MANITOBA.—The census lately taken in the Province of Manitoba shows that the population is scarcely so large as we have been in the habit of supposing it to be. The total population is 11,965. Of these 4,070 are English half-breeds, 5,690 French half-breeds, 581 Indian householders; the remainder, 1,614, being white inhabitants, half of whom are natives of the North-West Territory, and the remainder Englishmen, Scotchmen, Canadians, and foreigners. Of Protestants there are 5,906; of Roman Catholics, 6,059. 11,903 are British subjects, only 62 being American subjects; 3,928 are married; 6,761 are single; 265 are widows, and 102 are widowers. There are 6,212 males, and 5,703 females in the Province. Of these there are:—

	Males.	Females.
Under 10 years	1,934	1,992
From 10 to 20	1,534	1,392
" 20 to 30	1,040	960
" 30 to 40	689	577
" 40 to 50	469	403
" 50 to 60	245	217
" 60 to 70	70	144
" Over 70 years	231	68
	6,212	5,753

Out of the 199 persons over seventy years of age, no less than 62 are whites from among a population of 1,614, while only 110 are from among the half-breeds, who number 8,770 persons. This seems to indicate that the admixture of white and Indian blood does not promote longevity. Among the 62 whites over seventy years of age, there are 31 Scotchmen and 6 Scotchwomen, together with 17 natives of Canada and 3 Englishmen. Out of the 1,614 white inhabitants of the Province, 771, or very nearly one-half, were born in Manitoba; only four of these have attained the age of seventy. There are 312 Canadians, 128 Englishmen and women, 247 Scotch, 49 Irish, and 16 natives of France, 67 born in the United States, and 24 in other foreign countries. Among the 581 Indian householders (Christians) are 27 persons over seventy years of age.

HOW TO MAKE COFFEE.

A correspondent travelling in Sweden was immensely delighted with the coffee served on the steamboats and in the hotels. "At Upsala," he writes, "we determined to find out just how they made such perfect coffee as we had just drank, and stepped into the neat kitchen of the little hotel; and this was the report: Take any kind of coffee-pot or urn, and suspend a bag made of felt or heavy flannel, so long that it reaches the bottom, bound on a wire just fitting the top; put in the fresh-ground pure coffee, and pour on freshly boiled water. The fluid filters through the bag, and may be used at once; needs no settling, and retains all its aroma. The advantage of this over the ordinary filter is its economy, as the coffee stands and soaks out its strength, instead of merely letting the water pass through it. 'Do you boil it?' inquired the learner. 'Na-a-a-y,' said the maid, in simple astonishment that any one should be so wasteful as to send away the precious aroma in steam; should rob that prince of food of that evanescent something which constitutes his nobility, and reduce him to mere aliment. As soon would one think of throwing away that drop of sunshine, charged with all the summer's gold, which lies at the throat of a bottle of Johannisberger."—*Scientific American*.

VANITY NOT CONFINED TO ONE SEX.

And is vanity, and the excessive love of personal display, unknown to the male sex? Is this which we have written concerning woman a moral fact, or a popular fallacy? and if so, why so? What has been said here of the vanity of woman is simply an accepted belief of society, but grounded upon no special warranty of actual fact. It is the fashion to attribute solely to the gentle sex the love of personal show and the excess of self-satisfaction as to appearance. But we say no more than is justifiable and strictly truthful when we assert that man is even more vain than woman, that, as in the lower animal world, he still loves to set up his mane, to spread his feathers, to strut and plume himself before the females of his species. For her he endures boots which would have won a prize in a competition for engines of torture in the Middle Ages; for her he makes his whisker like a willow-tree, his moustaches like cats' bristles, his beard like a cascade of water. To be gracious in her eyes he struggles into a coat whose seams are ready to start at his slightest sigh, and into pantaloons which must have cost their designers many weary nights and days. For her he anoints his stubborn locks with nectarous washes and ambrosial pomades; for her he is sleepless for contemplation on the colour of his neckcloth; for her he practices "amorous ditties all a summer's day," schooling an impracticable baritone into a reedy and uncertain tenor;

for her he brags, he wears flowers in his button-hole, he rides about in cabs, he constantly refers to his pocket-glass and pocket-comb; he is distracted, for her sake, if an impertinent erubescence glows on his chin, his cheek, his nose; a "black," fallen promiscuously on his Olympian forehead, prostrates him to despair, when she is by, and makes him feebly wander in his talk. For her the hair that nature tinted red assumes the shadow of the dusky night! and pads supply the manly *embonpoint*; high heels add stature of a cubit's length, and powder tempers his too rosy flush. He writes, walks, reads, smokes, boats, fights, rides, and shoots, to make a figure in a woman's eyes. He lives in a halo of self-satisfaction; he believes that he fascinates every woman on whom he looks, with whom he converses. He is eaten up with conceit; he is affected, puppyish, more thoughtful of his exterior than the proudest beauty, and without her excuse. Women's artifices to increase their pretty appearance are not unknown to, and not unused by, men; but, in extenuation, let us add that it is to shine in her presence, to win her smiles, that man, the vainest of creation, condescends to tricks of art. We have spoken the plain truth, but hope that our readers of the gentle sex will not be too hard upon us.—*London paper*.

EXODUS OF RATS FROM PARIS.—A Versailles correspondent writes: "I hear from officers commanding outposts that their nightly rounds are troubled by encounters with troops of rats—who, having found out, with the wonderful sagacity which characterizes their race, that Paris is no longer a place in which respectable rodents can count upon a secure and honourable existence, are emigrating by hundreds of thousands into the open country. Probably amongst the garbage reaching the sewers, for some time past, individual rats of acute perceptions and long experience in the study of the 'bones' have found, in unusual quantity, vertebrae and other 'ossements' belonging to dear departed friends and relatives, and have come to the conclusion that the deceased had succumbed to some sudden and inexplicable malady hitherto unrecorded in the medical annals of the rat faculty. These sages having made their reports to the council of their nation, it may be that the venerable conscript fathers of Ratdom have issued orders to the subterranean republic that the moment has come for an exodus *en masse*—that every rat, of high or low degree, should pack up his trunks, and hold himself in readiness to convey himself and family to fresh sewers and cupboards new; and that it is nobler to meet death in the open field, at the cannon's mouth, boldly facing the '*ennemis de la patrie*,' than to die ignobly in treacherous traps, set by false friends for cruel and unnatural purposes. Can you not fancy what a stirring and passionate proclamation may have been issued to his *concitoyens* by the grey-whiskered rat president? The wise rats, acting with their customary splendid solidarity, have *demenagé* to a ratling, and quitted the *foyers* of an ungrateful capital for the comparative safety of the Prussian lines, in search of rustic joys and humble fare. So our 'Vorposten' are overrun with the late denizens of the Grands Egoûts and the catacombs. What a subject for Victor Hugo!"

Dr. Russell lately stated in one of his letters from Versailles that in the German army before Paris the invasion of England by the Prussians is a favourite topic of discussion. Another correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Orleans, repeats the statement, and says that in Prince Frederick Charles's army also, the invasion of England is a matter of interesting discussion. Let not Englishmen (the writer says) imagine that the minds of Prussian strategists are altogether taken up with the French, or with warfare upon land. What will people think at home of no less gigantic an idea than a bridge of boats from Calais to Dover or thereabouts; not, of course, as the means for a first landing, but to pass over the reinforcements to a small army landed first, and protected by field works. The Channel would thus be treated as a huge river, and it is considered that an army, once across, could live uncommonly well by requisitions. Ammunition would be needed, it is true, but there is no fortified place to stop the direct march upon London, exactly four days. How would the farms and villages of Kent look if full of huge, rough-speaking warriors in spiked helmets? How many field guns could be brought against them? Prince Frederick Charles had more than 400 during the battle of Orleans. How many breech-loader rifles are there to put in the hands of the militia and volunteers? All these questions are being put and answered by officers in the German armies; for man has much of the tiger in him, and grows savage at the taste of blood.

SHIPBUILDING ON THE CLYDE.—The total result of the year 1870, although scarcely up to that of 1869, which was an exceptionally prosperous year, is most satisfactory, and shows a large increase over every other previous year. The total number of vessels launched during the year was 234, with a tonnage of 189,800 tons; a decrease of seven vessels of 4,200 tons as compared with 1869, but an increase of six vessels of 4,800 over 1868, and 75,800 tons over 1867. Of war-vessels there was only one of 2,640 tons launched this year, against three of 9,100 tons in 1869, and eight of 5,384 tons in 1867. Of paddle-steamers there were eighteen iron of 9,400 tons, and two composite vessels of 750 tons, against eleven iron of 6,500 tons, and four composite vessels of 1,800 in 1869, and eighteen of 6,291 tons in 1868. Of the screw steam-vessels, this year shows a most remarkable result, there having been launched the extraordinary number of 121 vessels of 133,000 tons, exceeding by thirty vessels and 50,000 tons last or any previous year. The average screw steam tonnage launched during the last seven years was about 65,000 tons, just the half of the screw steam tonnage launched during 1870. The cause of this increase in the demand for screw steam vessels was the opening of the new route to India and China, *via* the Suez Canal, for which traffic a lighter draught class of vessel, with engines of moderate consumption of fuel, was required. The new canal route, while thus increasing the demand for steam-vessels, caused a corresponding decrease in the demand for sailing-vessels, and 1870 shows a decrease of nearly sixty per cent. in both iron and composite sailing ships. There were launched this year 40 iron ships of 30,030 tons, six composite ships of 6,100 tons, and 16 wooden vessels of 2,740 tons, against 78 of 71,600 tons iron, 16 of 16,150 tons composite, and 10 of 1,400 wood in 1868. In iron barges for Indian traffic there was a considerable increase, 20 of 3,700 tons of these having been launched this year, as against 10 last year, and eight the preceding year. There were two steam dredge boats, of 1,000 tons, and eight yachts of 450 tons launched this year, which was about the ordinary average for those vessels,

VARIETIES.

The great ocean race—The fishes.

In the five largest libraries in Paris are contained 1,450,000 volumes, and 87,000 manuscripts.

Mr. Murray states that the annual circulation of his foreign and English hand-books is 15,000 copies.

Prince Frederick Charles has written a note of thanks to Tupper for his "verses" on the fall of Metz.

It is estimated that there are at present in New York out of employment, 1,000 bricklayers and masons, 400 stair-builders, and 800 painters.

Napoleon III. declared war on Friday (July 15); on a Friday (August 5) the Prussians re-took Saarbrücken, and on a Friday (September 2) Napoleon handed his sword to the King of Prussia.

A young lady at school, engaged in the study of grammar, was asked if a kiss was a common or proper noun. The girl blushed deeply, as she replied in a low tone: "It is both proper and common."

The last new thing in jewellery has made its appearance in Berlin, in the form of lockets of the shape of a musket-ball with "Sedan," "Metz," or "Strasbourg" on them. Some few bear the inscription "Paris."

In a pool across the road in the County of Tipperary, Ireland, is stuck up a pole, having affixed to it a board with this inscription: "Take notice, that when the water is over the board the road is impassable."

"Why don't the great men of France stir? Why do they remain motionless and cold while our bleeding country is ruined?" asked an orator in Paris the other day. "Because they are cast in bronze," answered a voice from the gallery.

There is a characteristic story of General Manteuffel's "liberality" at Rouen. The General sent for a barber, who consequently attended him at the inn. The General next sent to the innkeeper for a napoleon, and gave it to the barber for his services.

Hans Breitmann has been figuring during the last six months as a Prussian Uhlan, and a new volume of ballads chronicling his exploits in this line will soon be published. The new ballads will be annotated with occasional remarks explanatory by Fritz Schwackenhammer, *Olim Studiosus Theologie*, now Uhlan Freelancer and Segretarius of "Coptain" Breitmann.

It is stated that in the Antarctic seas there are sea weeds which have stems about twenty feet high, and with a diameter so great that they have been collected by mariners in those regions for fuel, under the belief that they were drift-wood. They are as thick as a man's thigh.

A Spanish author, Carlos Rubio, writes from Madrid: "Since my return from banishment, I have sought to live, as I did abroad, by labour—that is to say, by my pen; but literary labour, however honourable as a profession, is at present in Madrid, and in fact all Spain, confined to editing novels, retailed at tenpence each."

There has been a discussion in England as to the value of acorns as food for cattle. Some persons say that they are poisonous, while others estimate the acorn crop in that country this year as worth more than a million sterling. The fact seems to be that acorns, dry and ripe, are very valuable food for swine and sheep, taken in moderation.

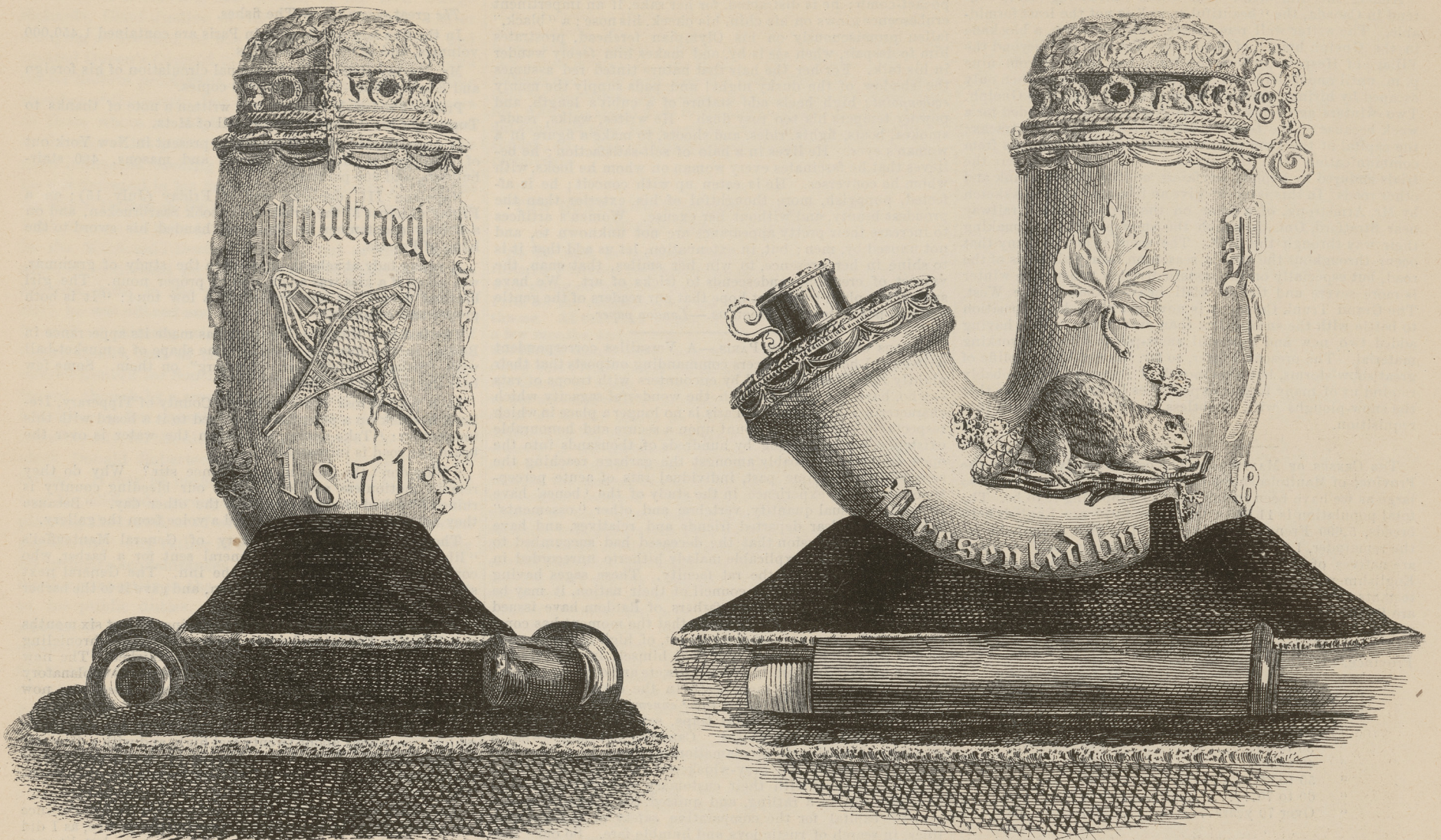
THE "LOST ART."—Under this heading, a Chicago journal calls attention to the subject of asphalt pavement. The Romans, it is well-known, succeeded in manufacturing a pavement which has proved almost imperishable, and it now appears that the Western Athens lays claim to a similar discovery. We learn that there is on exhibition in that city an "imperishable asphalt pavement," which is said to be impervious to water, unchangeable under the action of the elements, elastic, hard, smooth, free from dust, tougher than granite, easily handled, and taken up, desirable, and which can neither rot, burst, nor shrink; which, above all, is cheap. It consists of lime and asphalt mingled in proper proportions. It is made up into blocks, and is laid more easily, it is said, than wooden pavements.

EDUCATIONAL QUESTIONS.

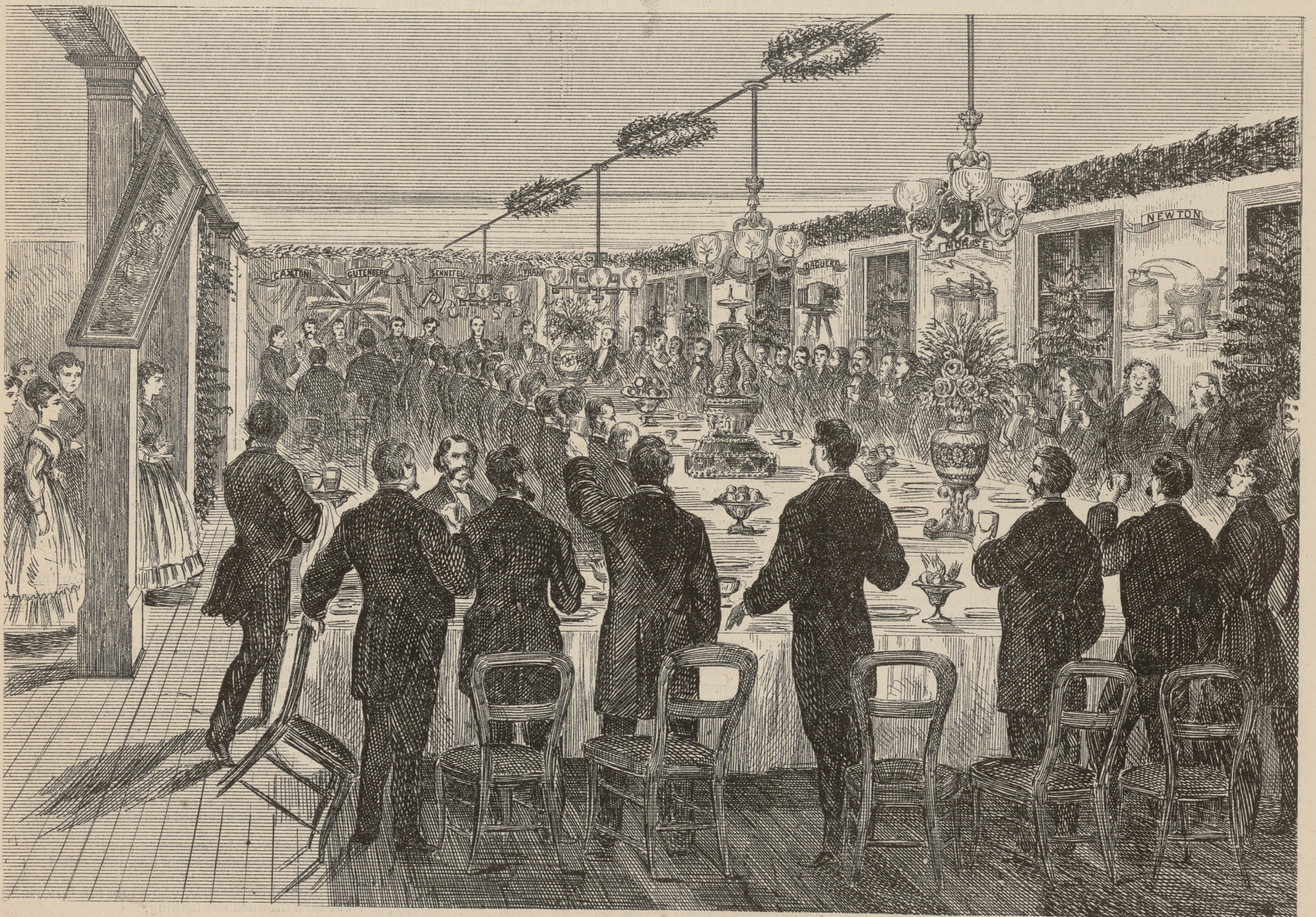
(Prize Questions and Answers: Dedicated to the London School Board.)

(From "Punch.")

- Q. Who was Zero?
A. A Roman philosopher, who played on the fiddle while inventing the Thermometer.
- Q. State what you know of Plutarch.
A. He was King of the Infernal Regions, married Porcupine, and subsequently re-wrote the Heathen Mythology.
- Q. Who was Theodolite?
A. A native of Alexandria, and a Christian historian.
- Q. Give a short account of Abeldar.
A. He was a solicitor who refused to go to the Crusades. His partner was Heloise. They were both buried together.
- Q. How many Graces were there?
A. Nine.
- Q. Mention them in order.
A. A Grace before dinner, a Grace after, and Grace Darling. That's three. Three Graces of Canterbury, York, and Dublin. That's six. A Grace of the Cambridge Senate, a bad Grace, and a good Grace. That's nine.
- Q. How did Shakspeare make use of Niobe as a simile?
A. He said she was like a large theatre, "all tiers."
- Q. When does a Russian Serf have a real holiday?
A. When he gets a *knouting*.
- Q. Who were the Nestorians?
A. They were followers of Nestor, one of the oldest and wisest Greeks of his age.
- Q. State what you know of the Marionettes?
A. They were heretics living in Syria.
- Q. Do you remember any Vegetarians in the fourth century?
A. Yes, certainly. They were a party among the Arians, just as the Vegetable-Marionites formed a distinct sect among the Maronites.
- Q. Who was the founder of the last-named sect?
A. Publius Virgilius Maro, after whom they were called.
- Q. Who was Hero?
A. A Heroine, beloved by Neander, who wrote his Church history, and was then drowned out bathing.



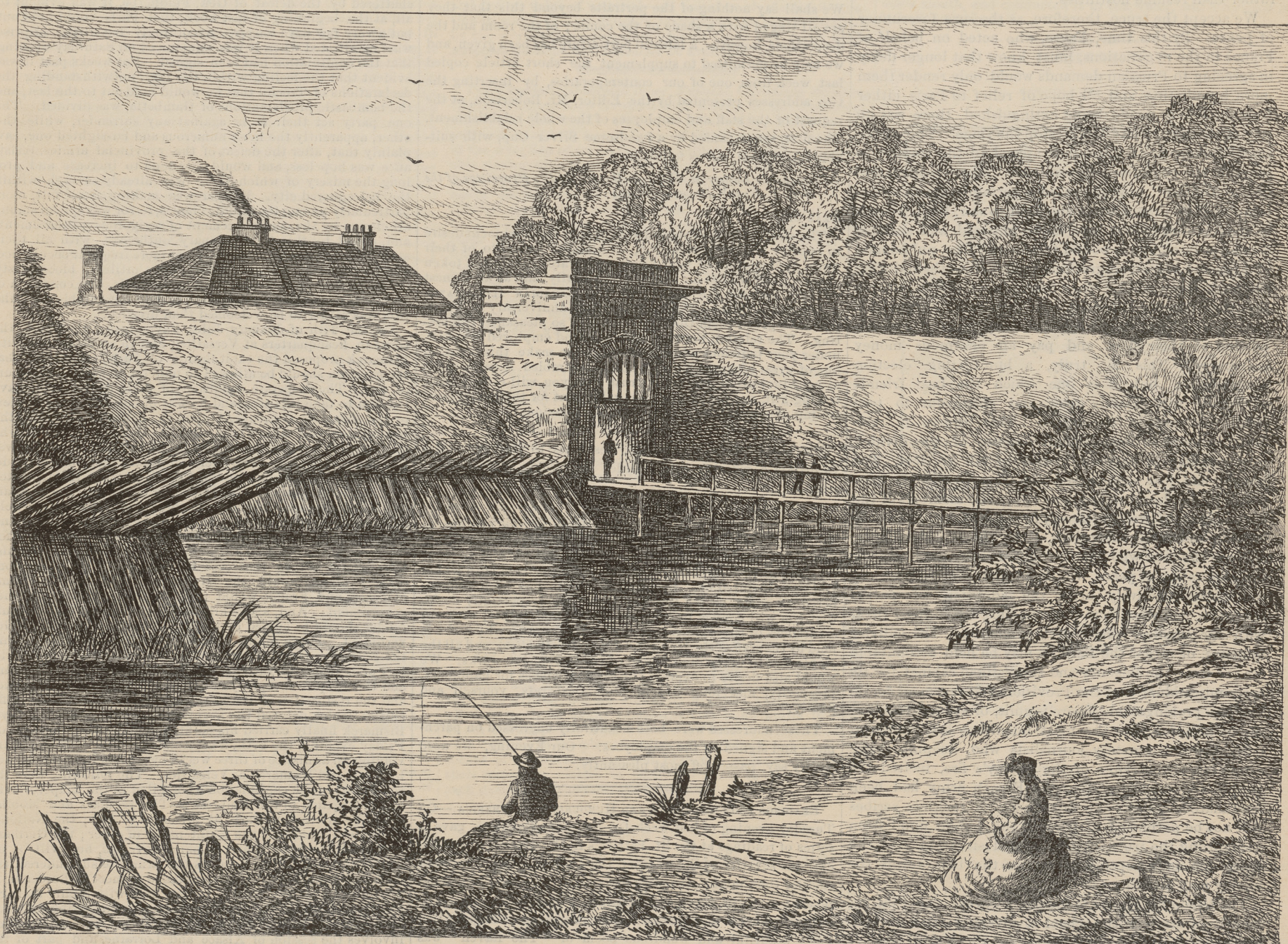
SILVER MOUNTED MEERSCHAUM PIPE PRESENTED BY MESSRS. COHEN & LOPEZ, TO BE COMPETED FOR AT THE SNOW-SHOE RACES.



OUR STAFF AND EMPLOYEES DINING TOGETHER IN THE ARTISTS' ROOM, ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEWS.



ISLE AUX NOIX, RIVER RICHELIEU. FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. CARLISLE.



ENTRANCE TO FORT LENNOX, ISLE AUX NOIX. FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. CARLISLE.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
FEBRUARY 11, 1871.

SUNDAY,	Feb. 5.— <i>Septuagesima Sunday. St. Agatha, V. and M.</i> Great earthquake in Canada, 1663. Lingard born, 1771. Telegraph lines in England passed under the management of the Post Office, 1870.
MONDAY,	" 6.—Battle of Elizabethtown, 1813.
TUESDAY,	" 7.—Charles Dickens born, 1812. Serious riots in Paris, Rochefort arrested, 1870.
WEDNESDAY,	" 8.—Mary Queen of Scots beheaded, 1587. Indian Massacre at Schenectady, 1690. Funeral of Mr. Peabody at Peabody, Mass., 1870.
THURSDAY,	" 9.—Milan placed in a state of siege, 1853.
FRIDAY,	" 10.—Canada ceded to Great Britain, 1763. H. M. Queen Victoria married, 1840. Sir David Brewster died, 1868.
SATURDAY,	" 11.—Lord Sydenham Governor of Canada, 1840. Burke reached Carpentaria, 1861.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1871.

THE capitulation of the forts around Paris and the agreement to a three weeks' armistice from the 28th ult. will, it is to be hoped, put an end to the war, though it is vauntingly announced that France will resume hostilities with nine hundred thousand men. The boast is exceedingly ill timed and has probably been set afloat by some irresponsible news monger, for it must by this time be evident that France is beaten. To say nothing of the killed, there are more than a third of a million of men prisoners in the hands of the Prussians, and these are the men who formed the army which France and the Empire regarded as invincible. The raw and undisciplined hordes that can now be brought together may be brave and willing to do or die for their country; but what avails the heroism that leads only to defeat? The horrors of war must be too vividly impressed on the minds of both parties, to permit the supposition that either of them would desire to renew the conflict. The very time which the armistice gives for reflection will dispose the combatants on either side to make reasonable terms of peace rather than resume hostilities.

We accept the truce, therefore, as the sure forerunner of peace. By this time, Favre, who acted on behalf of France in the negotiations, must know that longer delay in agreeing to Prussian demands would only render them more humiliating, and all hope of relief to Paris either from outside or inside being extinguished, there was no way of saving the city but to stop the siege. The Provisional Government must now appeal to the country to sanction the conditions agreed upon. The "rectification of the frontier" now proposed is certainly not that contemplated by France when she went to war, but it is such as the fortunes of war have fairly imposed, and such as, sooner or later, she is bound to accept. The public men of France have an ungracious task before them during the next three weeks; they have to convince the people that their country is beaten, that they must surrender a large part of their territory, that they must part with a portion of their fleet and pay an enormous money indemnity! This is, truly, a humiliating election programme; but it is one which the best friends of France will frankly avow and endeavour to persuade the people to accept. This course is rendered somewhat less difficult because of the divided responsibility in causing France to fall so low. The people had just re-endorsed the Empire and the new policy by an almost unanimous vote; the members of the *Corps Legislatif* were, with very few exceptions, clamorous for war, and these exceptions, M.M. Thiers, Jules Favre, &c., are the men who have struggled most earnestly for the restoration of peace, who, from their present position, can most effectively urge the adoption of pacific measures, and who, from past conduct, can support them with the smallest share of humiliation. The Ollivier ministry, or rather the Empire, may be held accountable for the war; the Regency and the Palikao cabinet for its early misconduct, and the Provisional Government for its bootless prolongation. There is guilt, or at least blundering on all sides; but the most iniquitous are, undoubtedly, the inflammatory journalists who, keeping themselves out of the range of the enemy's fire, incited the people to resistance after the French army had been annihilated. Surely the same pack of reckless scribes will not be permitted to pervert the public mind from recognizing the truth of the national situation, and the obligation of accepting peace on the best terms the enemy may be willing to concede.

The lesson for France is indeed a severe one; but six months of study in the school of adversity—and such adversity as has seldom been witnessed in modern times—must have imparted much wisdom. The mass of the

people who have suffered sorrow and privations will give an attentive ear to peaceful counsels; the clergy will use such influence as they yet possess in the same direction; and the beaten generals and members of the Provisional Government will assuredly endeavour to put an end to a state of affairs that has brought them so little credit. But there is danger that in the division of parties into Orleanist, Imperialist, and Republican, a wrangle may take place by which the voice of the country on the question of peace may be misinterpreted. To avoid this all parties should adopt the peace policy, and there are some signs that they will. The Orleanist had no part in making the war, and may, without wounding his pride, vote for peace; the Republican opposed the Imperial policy, and may honourably aid in wiping out its last fatal legacy; and the Imperialist, being beaten, can have no motive for the prolongation of a struggle that casts such a reproach on his party. These considerations lead us to hope that the Representative Assembly, to meet at Bordeaux in a week, will have sufficient unanimity of feeling to guarantee the conclusion of peace, however much opinion may be divided as to the future government of the country. What shape that may take it would be impossible at present to determine. There is little hope for the restoration of the Emperor, and not much for the permanence of the Republic; but speculation on this matter will only acquire interest after the establishment of peace, the terms of which are yet a matter of doubt. It may be inferred, however, that Prussia will insist on making her own terms with France, without the interference of the other Powers; and her reasons for this are obvious; in the first place the other Powers did not interpose, as they might have done, to prevent France rushing into war; and, secondly, Prussia is too much flushed with her extraordinary triumph, too conscious of her own strength to brook dictation from any quarter. Let us hope, at all events, that peace will be concluded within the next fortnight, and that it will be a durable one.

OUR STAFF AND EMPLOYEES.

The *C. I. News* artist has taken "liberties" with the genial and festive party which assembled in the *News* building on the evening of Thursday, the 19th January, at the invitation of the proprietor to celebrate the first anniversary of the paper. We shall say nothing of the portraits beyond this that they are all tinged with a shade of the comic; of the room and the decorations, however, a faithful portraiture has been given, and we may be permitted to supplement the short article copied last week from one of our contemporaries, by inserting the two addresses presented by the Editor, Mr. Robertson, at the request of the staff and employees of the whole establishment. The first, accompanied by a handsome Silver Cup, with suitable inscription, ran as follows:

To George E. Desbarats, Esq., A. B., L. L. B., Proprietor of the "*C. I. News*" Printing Works:

DEAR SIR,—

The staff and employees of your whole establishment desire to present you with this Cup, as a slight memento of their warm appreciation of your kindness towards them, as a token of their good wishes for yourself and family, and as an earnest of their zeal for the success of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and *L'Opinion Publique*, the first anniversary of which you have given them the opportunity of so pleasantly celebrating. The relation between employer and employed are such, under your judicious administration, as to make this occasion one of great pleasure for all who are assembled here to-night at your invitation, and they trust that you will esteem their trifling gift, not for its intrinsic value, but for the hearty good feeling of which it is but the feeble expression.

The second address asked Mr. Desbarats to convey to Mrs. Desbarats a massive gold necklet and locket, and was thus worded:

"DEAR SIR,—

"It would have been strange, in view of the feelings to which we have just had the pleasure of giving expression, had we forgotten the good lady who is the partner of your joys and sorrows, and who shares also in the esteem with which you have inspired us. But Mrs. Desbarats has been remembered amongst us for the night, and we respectfully desire that you will convey to her this necklet and locket, with the assurances of the warmest respect and esteem in which she is held by the staff of the *News* and *L'Opinion Publique*, and all the employees in every department of your extensive works. We would also desire to express our earnest wishes for happiness, prosperity, and long life to Mrs. Desbarats, yourself and family."

These addresses were both beautifully engrossed on parchment and signed by the employees. "Our Evening" we need hardly say, passed off most pleasantly.

READINGS FROM THE POETS AND HUMOURISTS OF AMERICA.—On Tuesday evening of last week Dr. Augustus Rawlings gave a series of readings at the St. Patrick's Hall. On account of the extreme severity of the weather, the audience was somewhat smaller than might otherwise have been expected; but those present testified their appreciation of the entertainment by frequent bursts of applause. The rendering of Edgar Allen Poe's beautiful and wondrous poem of "The Raven" was faultless, and held the audience breathless and spell-bound, as

if the dropping of a pin would have been a serious disturbance. Next to that was, at least to our taste, the reading of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's jolly little piece entitled "The Boys," so full of genuine pathos and enlightened human sympathy. Dr. Rawlings interpreted this admirable composition in a manner utterly beyond criticism, showing a full appreciation and accurate rendition of every sentiment it expresses. Other pieces were little less worthy commendation, though we cannot flatter the reader on his rendering of Artemus Ward or Hans Breitmann. The selections from the two latter were not very happy, but altogether the entertainment was one which an intelligent audience could heartily appreciate, and quite enough to convince the people of Montreal that Dr. Rawlings is a finished and impressive reader—one of his best merits being that he never over-does the sentiment—never allows pathos to degenerate into bathos.

Some desperate *poic* has sent us a composition entitled "The Wail of Antigone," the refrain of which is the expression of a wish that "In heaven thy Soul may stray." Now we have, for orthodox reasons, a very decided objection to souls "straying" in heaven,—and for this, if not for other causes, we must decline the contribution. The piece referred to is one of the best of those which editorial duty compels us to reject.

LITERARY NOTICE.

VILLE-MARIE; or, Sketches of Montreal Past and Present, by Alfred Sandham, Montreal, 1870, George Bishop & Co., pp. 393, 8vo.

Mr. Sandham has supplied a want long felt in giving the reading public a full and succinct account of the early history and progress of the city. The record is brought down to 1870, and the work, while necessarily containing much that has been before in print, is enriched by information drawn from many original documents to which the public have no access. It is written in an agreeable style, and well deserves the liberal patronage not only of the people of Montreal, but of all who desire to become familiar with the history and present condition of the most important city in British North America. The book contains a large number of finely executed engravings, is neatly printed and handsomely bound.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE WAR.

Surrounded on every side by a well-conditioned and numerous army, exposed to a fierce bombardment, its defenders defeated and driven back at every point, its last hope of relief shattered by the defeat of Gen. Faidherbe, it was evident to all, at the beginning of last week, that Paris could hold out but a very few days longer. Accordingly but little surprise was manifested when it was announced on Saturday evening that the capitulation had been signed. For weeks past it was evident that the feeling within the city, notwithstanding the declarations of Trochu that he would hold out to the last, and the bombastic proclamations of Gambetta, was divided. The one party set their faces against any surrender, while the other, apparently the most numerous and far-sighted one, saw plainly that, after the defeat of the provincial armies, resistance was hopeless, and would only tend to increase and prolong the misery of which there was already enough within the beleaguered city. Hunger was making itself felt, more particularly among the middle classes, terror was spread among all classes by the commencement of a vigorous bombardment, and, added to this, revolutionary outbreaks, with all their attendant horrors, were becoming of more frequent occurrence. With a powerful enemy without, and a pitiless, bloodthirsty crowd of Red Republicans within its walls, the condition of Paris was desperate—so desperate that an honourable capitulation was rather to be welcomed than dreaded.

On the 24th of January Jules Favre made his way to the German headquarters at Versailles, and in an interview with Bismarck proposed the capitulation of Paris, stipulating that the garrison should be allowed to march out with the honours of war. The desperate condition of Paris could alone have led him to take this step, and he was induced to do so in view of the disasters consequent upon the defeat of the 19th, the incompetency of Gen. Vinoy, and the illness of Trochu, who three days before had again sent in his resignation, which was this time accepted. The German Chancellor, on his side, objected to the demands of the French envoy. He stipulated that the forts should be garrisoned by Germans; the regulars and Mobiles sent to Germany; the province of Champagne held as a pledge for the payment of the war expenses; Alsace and Lorraine yielded to Germany; Paris to receive no garrison for its protection, but to be confided to the National Guards, who would not in that case be disarmed. On these conditions alone would the Germans negotiate the terms of peace, and France would then be left to reconstruct her government. And, above all, Bismarck insisted that the surrender should be signed by the whole of the Provisional Government. Favre replied that it would be impossible to bind the Bordeaux Government, as the surrender was only a military one. Bismarck then said, if the Republic rejects the terms and the Empire accepts, you must choose between acceptance and the restoration of the Emperor. After some further difficulties, which delayed the negotiations for a couple of days, Bismarck finally carried his point, and about eight o'clock on Friday evening, the 27th, a capitulation of the Paris forts, involving an armistice of three weeks by sea and land, was signed by Favre and Bismarck at Versailles. The following were the conditions of the capitulation as detailed in the Emperor William's despatch to the Empress:—The regulars and Mobiles are to be interned in Paris as prisoners of war; the National Guard will undertake the maintenance of order; the Germans occupy all the forts; Paris remains invested, but will be allowed to revictual; as soon as the arms are surrendered, the National Assembly is to be summoned to meet at Bordeaux in a fortnight; all the armies in the field will retain their respective positions, the ground between the opposing forces to be neutral. Further despatches state that the capitulation involves the session of Alsace and Lorraine, and part of the fleet; a money indemnity to be guaranteed by the munici-

palities; a portion of the German army to retain the forts; the payment by the city of Paris of a sum variously stated at 200,000,000 and 53,000,000 francs, and the discontinuance of the war. It is also said that the Prince Imperial is to be proclaimed Emperor with the Empress as Regent.

While the crowning calamity has fallen upon the capital, but little of importance has transpired in the Provinces. In the west nothing has been heard of Chanzy, who, at last advices, was reported to be in the vicinity of Laval, and to have been reinforced with 30,000 men from Cherbourg. Two German armies are said to be in pursuit, and another large force is to be sent from Paris at the expiration of the armistice, should peace not have been declared by that time. In the north the Prussians were marching upon Honfleur, on the left bank of the mouth of the Seine. It is also announced that military operations in this quarter were to have been extended in an important degree in connection with a movement of the army under the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg.

In the western Provinces the Garibaldians defeated an attack of the Prussians near Dijon on the 22nd, and subsequently occupied the town, but since that time nothing of importance has been done, operations having been suspended in consequence of the defeat of Bourbaki. A despatch states that the army of Garibaldi is now surrounded at Dijon by the Prussians. In the meantime Bourbaki, finding himself caught between Manteuffel and Von Werder, has taken advantage of the only loophole left, and crossed the border into Switzerland. The fortress of Longwy, on the Belgian frontier, has capitulated after a long bombardment, 4,000 prisoners and 200 guns falling thereby into the hands of the victors. The siege of Cambrai has been abandoned for a few days, but it is now stated that it has recommenced with renewed vigour, and that Arras and Douai are menaced.

ROUND AND ABOUT TOWN.

TOBACCO SMOKING.

"Hail sole cosmopolite. Tobacco hail!
No matter how much your enemies rail.
Hail strong cut, long cut, short cut, quid tail, pig or roll,
In every form congenial to the smoker's soul."

It was a grand scene. An Imperial Duchess, beneath a crimsoned canopy of velvet heavily hung and fringed with gold, was surrounded by armed knights; the banners of varied hues emblazoned with arms of great renown were fluttering in the breeze; monks with cowls, ladies of beauty, barons in sumptuous attire, trumpeters with silver horns rent the air with heroic sounds; the pomp and chivalry were there. The rich orange trees loaded the air with perfume, the pomegranates blossom crimsoned the green foliage, and the great sun shone resplendent on diademed crowned women, armoured men, and earth and trees and exotic flowers. Nicot, with bended knee, had returned from the New World, and on a gorgeous cushion was laying at the feet of his mistress, the new plant that was to be a European luxury forever. Even as Nicot came, so came Sir Walter Raleigh to the virgin Queen Elizabeth and brought from the land he had named after her this new found plant. Tobacco in English. *Tabaco* in Spanish, in Italian *Tabacco*, in French *Tabac*. In Latin it is called *Nicotiana Tabacum*. It is derived from the Indian *tabaco*, the tube or pipe in which the Indians smoked the leaf. Perhaps no acquired taste has ever had such a hold upon the human race; it solaces the oriental in his harem, the German dreams half his life away watching its clouds ascending into all imaginable shapes. The Spaniard draws its smoke within his mouth, emits it from his nostrils, and seems to digest every particle of its essence, the Spanish Senora puffs her delicate cigarette as she sends love-glances from her eyes. The Englishman puffs away and smokes away millions of money, the American smokes and chews it, the Scotchman snuffs it up his nostrils. The Indian smokes his Calumet of Peace, and all the world since Nicot and Raleigh have been engaged in creating clouds of smoke. Tobacco Sylvester speaking of a new-born smoker, says:

"He is lately turned *tobaccoist*,

Oh, what a blow, what an abatement 'tis!"

Its cultivation absorbs acres and acres of the best land in every country, and all peoples have endeavoured to rival each other in its production. Virginia is famous, Cuba is famous, and so is Turkey for their peculiar kinds. What a delight to the smoker is good tobacco, and what an abomination is bad. There is an aroma about the pure that would tempt the gods to inhale the fragrance of its delights; to dream, to reverie, to build castles in the air, to read a novel, to lounge on the banks of a river, to recline on the green sward beneath a shady tree upon a summer's day and draw delightful sensations from the imperial burning regalia, is not to be described.

A true lover of smoking is ever cautious in his selection, and yet how much must be left to the honesty and judgment of the importer and the dealer. We have ever been smokers from our earliest boyhood. We have puffed away from vile German cigars, and we have been as joyous as De Quincy, the opium-eater, under the stimulus of a pure Havana. There are Partagas, Upmann's, Figaros, (Figaro se Figaro iè) there are Intimidads, Flora Cuba, Virginitas, Espanolas, and Pume-reigas, all when of honest brand never to be slighted by the smoker. In the illustration of Cohen & Lopez's cigar headquarters the various brands are exhibited. From their agents they receive tobacco in every form from various foreign countries, and always selected with care. It is the Montreal store for good judges to replenish their exhausted stock.

THE SNOW-SHOE PIPE.

They deserve to be patronised, for liberality and enterprise deserve to be supported. They have now on exhibition the Meerscham, the *facsimile* of which we present, which they have imported from Austria as a prize for the Snow-Shoe Clubs of the Dominion. It is valued at \$200, and is one of the richest we have ever seen, whether in design, quality, or execution. The bowl is engraved or carved into *bas reliefs* of the beaver, with snow-shoes, the maple leaf, and other symbols, with the name of the presenters, Messrs. Cohen & Lopez. The cup of the bowl is solid silver, exquisitely chased and surmounted by a shield, the apex where the neck joins with the stem is equally elaborate, the total weight of the silver is 8 oz. The mouth-piece is of the purest clouded amber.

There will be three races, and the winner of two out of three receives the prize. The profits from the sale of tickets will be handed to the General Hospital. The first race is on

the grand club race day, Feb. 11; the second on the following Saturday, the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club day; the third the Saturday following. It is a magnificent prize and is well worthy of examination. It may be seen at Cohen & Lopez's, corner of St. James Street and Place D'Armes.

The Montreal Workingmen's Society held its 4th annual concert on Monday night at St. Patrick's Hall, Mr. H. Brown, the President, in the chair. On the platform were also Sir A. T. Galt, K. C. M. G., and the Rev. Gavin Lang, who, in the course of the evening, delivered addresses. The musical part of the programme was admirably executed.

SCIENCE AND ART.

The London *Art-Journal*, than which no better art critic can be found, in speaking of the progress of art in Canada, notices, in the most favourable terms, a painting by Mr. Allan Edson. The painting, most of our readers will remember, was on view at the annual exhibition of the Society of Canadian Artists in February last, and attracted well-deserved encomiums from all who examined it. A "Summer View of Mount Orford and Pond, Eastern Townships," is the subject chosen by the artist, of whom the *Art-Journal* speaks as one "who has made considerable progress in his profession within the past few years." "Altogether," says the *Journal*, the picture is "nature in her own unexaggerated richness!"

GELATINE AS A MATERIAL FOR PLASTIC DECORATION.

The *Art-Journal*, in an extremely interesting article on the Application of Gelatine to the Requirements of Art, makes a suggestion that appears worthy of experiment. It says: "The properties by which gelatine invites the attention of the Art-workman are of the rarest and most valuable character. The mere fact of the easy manner in which a readily soluble substance may be made insoluble is one of which advantage may be taken in a hundred ways. When to this is added the rare property of sensibility to light, or rather to actinic influence, it becomes clear that gelatine is but in its artistic infancy. A material which it is possible to chase, engrave, emboss, and model with a delicacy that mocks the microscope, and without the touch of human hand, which may be poured into a mould like gum, and hardened until it will impress its own relief, in intaglio, on a solid metal plate, is one that promises obedience to other artificers besides the copyist of landscape or of portrait. Nothing would be more easy, for instance, than to construct beautiful caskets of plates of gelatine, covered with arabesques, foliage, medallions, or any other enrichment, by photographic aid, hardened into the likeness of amber, or covered with gold, or illuminated with gorgeous colour. Ornamental book-binding, again, has here a serviceable material ready for use. Personal decoration—in the use of brooches, bracelets, necklaces, or other ornaments, depending for their charm on the beauty of design and delicacy of ornamentation, and not on value of material—all branches of plastic decoration in which greater delicacy is sought than can be attained by the worker in *papier-mâché*—for all these and many other purposes gelatine will hereafter be available."

THE *Canadian Illustrated News*, Montreal, Christmas Number, 1870.—We have been favoured with a copy of the Christmas number of this really admirable publication, which in the profuseness as well as excellence of its illustrations, and also in the selection of its matter, is qualified to sustain an honourable rivalry with similar publications in the mother country. Some of the engravings embodied in the Christmas number are really masterpieces of art; and the editor, as well as the spirited proprietors, are fully justified in taking great credit to themselves for the surprising progress which the paper has made since the Christmas of 1869. The greater part of the illustrations are of a devotional character, as befits the season, but we desire to notice the beautiful engraving of Lady Lisgar, the wife of Sir John Young, now Lord Lisgar. This Christmas number of the *Canadian Illustrated* should find a place in the home of every settler in the Dominion.—*Railway Record*, London, England, Jan. 7, 1871.

AN ENGLISH APPRECIATION OF CANADIAN MUSICAL CRITICISM.—The *Queen* says: "Mlle. Nilsson has been singing in Toronto, Rochester, &c., with great success. The *Toronto Daily Telegraph* has two long sensational notices, headed 'The Gallows' and the 'Nilsson Concert.' Precedence is given to the former, being a minute report of the execution of two murderers; and the musical criticism is equally personal in details of the *physique* of the fair cantatrice. 'Next to her grace and beauty,' writes our American journalist, 'the sweet smile and frank cordial manner, the attention is caught in the strange little original ways and action, seemingly wilful and coquettish, with which she keeps the audience waiting for her song. Then she begins, and her listeners are spell-bound and delighted, her voice being purely northern like herself—white, so to say, and colourless, till some emotion colour it. A voice from the mountains, pure and spiritual, not sensuous and full of southern warmth as a permanent condition, but quickly flushed with colour in the play of feelings like her own lustrous complexion. The harmony between her nature and her voice are perfect. Voice, look, smile, all are one—in fact, she is such an artist as inspires respect, mingled with affection and enthusiasm, subdued by reverence.' This is very fine writing, but we distinctly recollect that it was applied formerly to Jenny Lind—the very same words in fact. If our contemporary wished to see the faces of artistes flushed with 'colour in the play of feelings,' he should go behind the scenes of an opera house and hear two *prime donne* discuss their respective claims to particular parts in the *répertoire*, each demanding the monopoly thereof.

THE GERMAN NORTH POLAR EXPEDITION.

In a letter from Gotha, dated the 1st October, Dr. Petermann thus sums up the results of the expedition:

"The results and successes of the second German North Polar expedition are manifold in character, and relate to various branches of science; they prove the approachability of East Greenland in high latitudes; a comparative fullness of animal and vegetable life in the interior of the land, the

existence of beds of brown coal, navigable fjordes, going deep into the country, immense mountains, as high as fourteen thousand feet, and for these latitudes a not unfavourable temperature.

"As the principal results may be assumed, that with this expedition a new path to the final exploration of the North Polar regions is opened, new ground trodden, a new direction taken, and a new basis won. From the lands lying nearest to East Greenland, for example, the west coast of Spitzbergen and Greenland, scientific circles had long possessed large natural scientific collections of every description, which have given of late years important insight, especially in regard to the geology and history of our earth; it is easy at any time to bring whole ship-loads of collections relating to these departments to Europe; but it was not so with East Greenland, this extended *vis-à-vis* of our quarter of the globe. Of this hitherto almost unknown, scientifically, great district, every exploration, every collection—every single petrification for example—is of especial value toward filling up the knowledge of our earth; Ober-Lieutenant Payer gathered on his various land excursions in East Greenland not less than twenty boxes of geological specimens, among them being many petrifications. With his theodolite he ascended up as high as seven thousand feet, accompanied by Dr. Copeland and Peter Ellinger. No other land possesses such magnificent characteristics, navigable fjordes, with a high temperature of water and air, immense mountains rising to a height of fourteen thousand feet, great herds of musk-oxen and reindeer, etc., as Greenland.

"That a German expedition of discovery, fitted out from voluntary contributions from prince and people, has here opened up the way to the Pole, will bring imperishable fame to Germany. For more than five years great exertions have been made in England, France, and America to set afoot a scientific expedition for the exploration of the Central Arctic regions. Germany, however, has gone first into actual duty, and has achieved already great results."

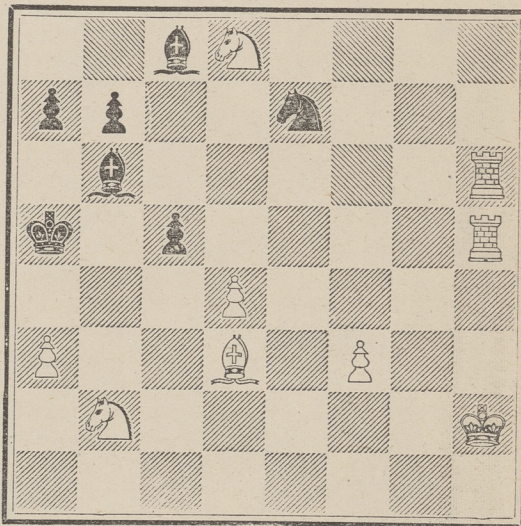
The most Rev. Dr. Cyril B. Benni, Archbishop of Mosul (the ancient Nineveh) is now in London, making collections for the schools and churches in his arch-diocese. On Sunday, the 8th January, he celebrated mass according to the Syrian rite, at the Roman Catholic Church, Kingsland.

RATS HELPING A BLIND COMPANION.—The following is related as a fact in the *Caithness Courier*:—"While Alexander Gunn, cattle-dealer, Brachour, was lately passing Mill and Dale, his attention was attracted to a large rat coming out of its hole, which, after surveying the place, retreated with the greatest caution and silence. It returned soon afterward, leading by the ear another, which it left close by the hole. A third rat joined this kind conductor, and the two then searched about and picked up small scraps of grain; these they carried to the second rat, which appeared to be blind, and which remained on the spot where they had left it, nibbling such fare as was brought to it. After this, one of the rats seized a small stick, about five inches in length, which he inserted in the blind one's mouth, and conducted it to the water, and afterward led it back to its hole."

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 25.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 7.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. R. checks. | R. takes R. |
| 2. Kt. checks. | K. moves. |
| 3. B. to B. 6th, mate. | |

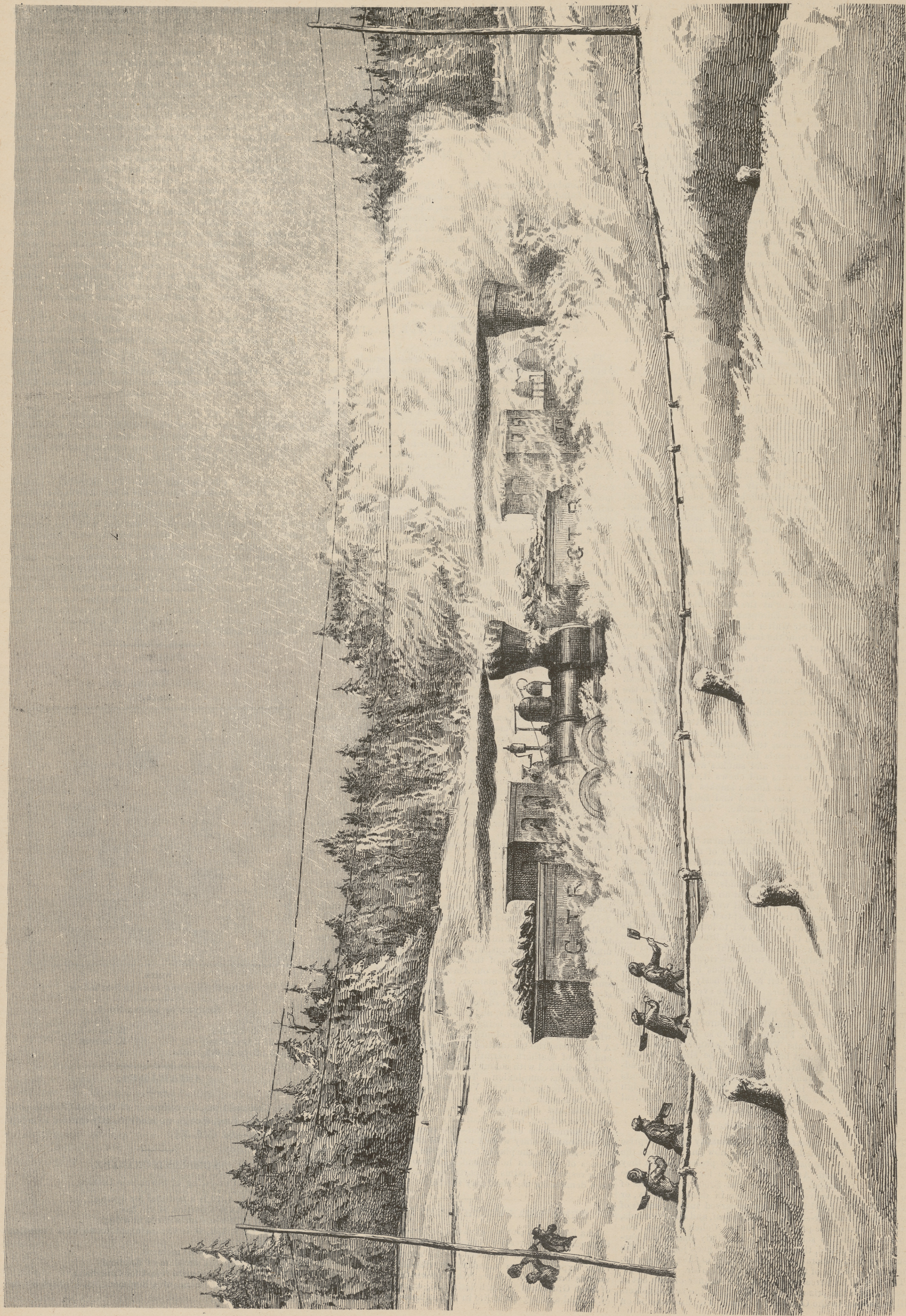
CHARADES.

[Mr. Underhill was the composer of the last Charade published in the *News*, though we inadvertently omitted to credit him with it.—*Ed. C. I. N.*]

NUMBERED CHARADE,

Consisting of Seventeen Letters.

- My 2, 8, 12, 2, 4, 10 is a material for dyeing.
My 3, 10, 17, 13 is a portion of the face.
My 9, 6, 3, 13 is sometimes given to a dog.
My 1, 10, 14, 8, 1, 6, 9 is the assumed name of a Canadian comic writer.
My 3, 10, 7 is the present moment.
My 11, 6, 5, 15 is the Emblem of England.
My 16, 2, 8, 1 is a favourite resort for Canadians.
And my whole is the name of a Regiment lately quartered in Canada.



SNOW-PLUGS IN A-DRIFT, ON THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, NEAR STRATFORD. FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.



THE WAR.—PRUSSIAN AT METZ; QUARTERED IN THE THEATRE.

THE BALLAD SINGER.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

A summer nightfall—a still blue sky,
Growing gray down the shadowy street,
Where toll-worn figures are hurrying by,
And the murmurous rhythm of restless feet
Floats with the wind and the waning night
Away from the great town's glitter and light
In at the open casement here;
Where the breeze in the curtains softly stirs,
And under the wainscot a lone cricket chirps
With ceaseless monotone always near!

But the distant murmur of square and street
Is lost as a voice divides the air,
Falling in tones that are sad and sweet,
From a singer close under the lamp-light there;
A girl—whom a thin worn shawl half conceals,
But enough of a figure and face reveals
To show she is slender and fragile, and fair.
Her dark timid eyes, fringe curv'd, have fail'd
At the crowd's eager gaze. The face itself veil'd
By the dusky gold of her loosen'd hair.

A boy—her brother—is gloomily leaning
Within the shadow, his face tear-stain'd
Answering her glance, with his own sad meaning
Shaken with sorrow—a grief unfeign'd.
Ah! what lavish measure of silver or gold
For the memory his heart now forever must hold
Could atone! But was it a scarlet sin
For her, that the Dives in that rich land
Had never vouchsafed them a generous hand
Till hunger had driven her food to win?

A faltering sweetness her voice was filling
Just now in the words "You'll forget Kathleen!"
And anon with a passionate impulse thrilling
In "Come back to Erin, my own Mavourneen."
And a few heaven-guided have dropp'd as they pass'd,
Their slender dole in her palm unask'd;
But the night wanes chill, and the narrow street
Grows silent, till they alone are left,
And the faint voice trembling with tears unwept
Is more than ever strange and sweet.

But the pulse in St. Martin's square gray tower
Has throbb'd out ten, and the pale, sad stars
Grown paler and sadder hour by hour,
Tremble athwart its blacken'd bars.
As the last stroke falls, clinging side by side,
Where the gloom gathers deepest, two figures glide!
God help them! The baptismal dew of peace
Fall not for such; nor any rest,
But dull, and warped, and pain oppress'd
Their shadow'd lives to life's surcease.

G. H. M.

Montreal, 1870.

A STORY OF WEALTH.

BY W. S. GILBERT.

CHAPTER I.

THE AGED PILGRIMS.

I AM sorry to have to begin a tale, which is really not intended to be objectionably squalid, in a public house. It is an unpromising opening, and one that is calculated to alienate the good opinion of a large section of readers, but I am not sure but that, after all, it has some artistic merit. It may be taken to stand to the coming chapters, in the relation that the opening scene in a pantomime does to the impossible glories that are to follow: it serves as a foil to them, and their effect is heightened by contrast with the dismal horrors which have preceded them. Please be good enough to suppose, for the moment, that the "Jolly Super" theatrical house of call is the Abode of the Demon Alcohol, and that the pretty but supercilious barmaid is a carnal embodiment of his familiar, the malignant Djinn; raise the curtain to the air of "The Roast Beef of Old England," encourage the fiction that the conversation is spoken through the levelling medium of a pantomime mask, and all will be well. I promise you that there are bright fairies, pretty shepherdesses, princes with black hair, and big-headed monarchs, waiting at the wing for their cue to come on; and you must not quarrel with me if I avail myself of my privilege to delay their appearance until the progress of the plot demands it.

The "Jolly Super" is a dingy public-house in the immediate neighbourhood of the Theatre Royal Parnassus, and derives its main support from the custom of the "Parnassus" company, and that of their friends and admirers. Its name would suggest that the establishment appeals exclusively to the sympathies of the humbler members of the theatrical profession, but this not, in point of fact, the case; indeed, a standing rule of the house, tacitly acquiesced in by all concerned, makes it a breach of etiquette for any member of a dramatic company to enter the private bar, unless his theatrical status entitle him to avail himself of the green-room of his theatre—a privilege accorded at the Parnassus to those members only whose salary amounted to a minimum of thirty shillings a week.

Besides the Parnassus company, the "Jolly Super" is much affected by members of a neighbouring Literary Club, known to themselves and to the publishing world as the "Aged Pilgrims." The "Aged Pilgrims" are (as their name implies) a collection of young and middle-aged dramatic authors, novelists, reviewers, magazine writers, actors, "entertainers," and literary barristers. As a rule, the "Aged Pilgrims" are appreciated by the publishing world alone, and utterly unknown to the rest of society. They are, for the most part, clever fellows, but their cleverness is expended, mainly, upon anonymous magazine articles and daily newspaper work; so, if it should happen that any members of the "Aged Pilgrims" whom I may have occasion to introduce to you in the course of this story are not already known to you by name, you must not entertain a poor opinion of them on that account. You read all the novels that Mr. Mudie sends you, you know the peculiarities of their several authors, and you therefore suppose that you are acquainted with the name of every literary man, of any talent, in England. But you never were more mistaken in the whole course of your existence. Who, do you suppose, writes the leading articles and reviews in the morning and weekly papers and in the monthly magazines? Men, my good friends, of whom, twenty chances to one, you have never heard, unless you are behind the scenes in these matters. Men with clear logical brains, and great literary ability; keen satirists, pleasant humourists, but men whose names, with, perhaps, half-a-dozen exceptions, are totally unknown to you. They are men who have devoted themselves to anonymous literature; and to the world at large they are as distinct from their writings as the Punch-and-Judy man is from the puppets he works. You get your *Times* every mor-

ning with your hot rolls; you read the leaders from beginning to end, but you would as soon think of setting yourself the task of finding out the names of the men who wrote them as of seeking an introduction to a peripatetic showman, because you have derived some whimsical amusement from his wooden dolls. So I warn you beforehand, that if you expect to find many notabilities among the "Aged Pilgrims," you will be disappointed. But take my word for it that they are mostly clever fellows, that they may all be termed good fellows, if you have no objection to place a liberal construction on the words; and that whenever an "Aged Pilgrim" falls sick, and is thereby prevented from earning his weekly income, he has no occasion to appeal to his brother Pilgrims for assistance, for assistance is volunteered with a liberality which only those who know how hardly the dole of a literary hack is earned can appreciate. I am bound, in justice, to admit that, good fellows as they are, they have for the most part a reprehensible yearning for bar-parlours, long clays, and spittoons; but you must bear in mind that I prayed you to understand the term "good fellow" in its most liberal sense.

Of these "good fellows" one of the best was Ralph Warren—a tall, fair-haired young fellow, with a clever but not a strictly handsome face; indeed, if the truth must be spoken, his appearance spoke much too plainly of extremely irregular hours, and extremely regular brandies-and-soda, to justify any very complimentary remarks on that score. I am sorry to add that his clothes were rather mildewy, and his boots a trifle lopsided; his linen, however, was clean, and so were his face and hands. I hardly know how to reconcile the term "gentlemanly" with this rather unpromising description, but there certainly was an air of easy frankness about Ralph Warren—a genial gentlemanly *bonhomie*, combined with a suggestion of quiet, conscious power, that induced you to forget his seediness and his sodas-and-brandies, and to dub him "gentleman" before you had enjoyed five minutes of his conversation.

In point of fact, Warren was a gentleman by birth and education. His father, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Guy Warren, was the second son of Lord Singleton, an extremely wealthy but eccentric nobleman, who quarrelled on principle with every member of his family, except his heir-apparent or presumptive for the time being. Lord Singleton had turned Ralph's father into the world at the age of sixteen, with an ensign's commission in a marching regiment and a hundred a year, coming to an unavowed determination to avail himself of the earliest opportunity that should arise of quarrelling with this unfortunate young officer, and of forbidding him the house, as a natural consequence. The opportunity soon arose. Guy "went wrong" in the matter of debts before he had been six months with his regiment; his father paid the score without a murmur; intimated to Guy that he would not be cheerfully received at Singleton any more; and, indeed, determined to hold no further converse with him at any time, unless it should unfortunately happen that his elder brother, Spencer, were to die childless, in which case Guy, as the heir for the time being, would come in for all the gratifying consideration which, until the occurrence of that unlikely contingency, would be the hereditary right of his fortunate elder brother. At the same time Lord Singleton did not disguise from himself the bare possibility of such a complication taking place, and so, with the view of keeping Guy well before his eyes, so that he might be able to lay his hands upon him whenever he might happen to want him, he privately advanced that young officer's interests at the Horse Guards, and, indeed, went so far on one occasion as to pay the purchase-money for his captain's commission.

The old lord, however, was much too knowing a hand to do this good deed in his own name, and so lay himself open to the supposition of being accessible to the claims of impecunious kinsmen; he did it through a confidential valet, who, in the assumed character of a benevolent money-lender, called on Guy and offered to accommodate him with the necessary amount at insignificant interest, for any period he might choose to name, on his (Guy's) personal assurance that the money should be repaid as soon as Guy should find it convenient to do so. Of course the seedy lieutenant closed with the benevolent money-lender on the spot—the loan was there and then effected, and Guy sang the worthy usurer's praises to such effect among his brother officers and their friends, that that excellent person was embarrassed with innumerable applications from these straightened gentry for the loan of fabulous sums on the same security that Guy had given for the loan of the purchase-money for his captain's commission. It is, perhaps, hardly needful to add, that Lord Singleton's valet found it necessary to decline all the proposed negotiations.

It will not surprise the worldly-minded reader to hear that the treatment that Guy experienced at the hands of his ungenial parent contributed to sour that officer's mind against his own offspring generally and against his second son, Ralph, in particular. Guy retired from the army on captain's half-pay, and although he rose on the half-pay list to a lieutenant-colonel's commission, this accession of dignity contributed in no way to increase his income. He married a young lady with five hundred a year of her own, and this, with his captain's half-pay, formed the bulk of his income. The lieutenant-colonel lived, all the year round, at a cheap watering-place, with his wife and eldest son, a hopeless cripple; and when he had procured for Ralph a clerkship in a bad Government office, he considered that he had done his duty by the boy, and left him to shift for himself in London.

Ralph's method of shifting for himself was, at first, a failure. He took cheap rooms with a brother clerk in Islington, attended at his office, and did his work in a slip-slop way during the day, dined flashily and unwholesomely at a cheap but showy eating-house afterwards, spent his evening usually at one of the theatres or at Cremorne, knocked about at cheap places of disreputable resort, went to bed at two in the morning, not tipsy, but yet having drank freely and unwholesomely, and woke up the next day with a hot head, a feverish pulse, and a mouth parched with cheap hot cigars. He got into debt with the money-lenders who infest the Government offices, and was generally admitted by all who knew him to be going directly and unmistakably to the bad.

But Ralph was not a cad by instinct. A reaction set in, and although his life was anything but a spotless one from that moment, it was an immense improvement upon what it had been. He was a smart, clever fellow, with a natural turn for epigram and satire, and he began to turn these dangerous qualities to good effect in the columns of better-class periodicals. He began humbly and anonymously in obscure journals, but he obtained a certain measure of success in these, and this success induced him to aspire to greater things. He became, in course of time, a regular contributor to a weekly paper,

and an occasional one to most of the monthly magazines. By degrees his income from these sources increased to such an extent as to justify him in throwing up his appointment in his seedy Government office, and taking to literature as his sole means of support. He joined the "Aged Pilgrims," with whom his smart, showy, conversational powers and irrepressible good humour made him an immense favourite. He had belonged to their brotherhood for about two years at the date of his introduction to the reader. I again apologize for bringing him into notice amid the unpolite surroundings of a theatrical house of call, but as, unfortunately, the "Jolly Super" was the place where Ralph Warren was generally to be found, as it was here that he, in company with other Aged Pilgrims, usually dined, always wrote his articles, and generally spent his evenings, it will be seen that I have an excuse for so doing. After all, he was more to be pitied than blamed. If he had had only an opportunity of making himself at home with three or four decent families of regular habits and with pretty daughters in them, he would have been as much disgusted with this Bohemian life as you yourself are. But this opportunity had never been offered to him, and so he stuck to his Bohemianism as the only form of life which was open to him.

Ralph was sitting in the club-room of the "Aged Pilgrims," on the first floor of the "Jolly Super," with half-a-dozen other members of that sociable brotherhood. They were not particularly jolly at that moment, for news had just arrived of the failure of a new speculative magazine in which they were all interested, and of the bankruptcy of the proprietor. Poor Warren was especially down in the mouth, as he had been sent down to Sheffield by the editor with instructions to remain a fortnight, and to "do" a chaty descriptive account of all the manufactures of that cheerless city for the magazine in question. By way of rider to his instructions, he was told to make himself as jolly as circumstances would permit, and not on any account to spare any expense. He had acted fully upon these hints—he had taken pains with the articles, he had spared no expense whatever, and he was anxiously expecting a cheque for a hundred and twenty-five pounds (seventy-five pounds for the papers, and fifty for his hotel bill and travelling expenses), when the news of the collapse of the whole thing arrived. They were endeavouring to restore the balance of their equanimity with their customary panacea—brandy-and-soda; but whether it was that brandy-and-soda as a remedy did not apply to losses above five pounds, or whether the irrepressible good humour and aggravating jollity of Sam Travers (the low comedian of the Parnassus), who had that day signed an engagement for the next season at an increase of five pounds a week to his salary, operated as a damper with which it was impossible to contend, I don't know, but certainly the conversation flagged to an extent almost unknown among the "Aged Pilgrims."

"They say," said one of them, "that there won't be a penny in the pound. The whole thing is mortgaged to the paper-makers."

"Hang the paper-makers!" prayed another, while the rest chorused in "Amen!"

"Thirty pounds a month for 'Gnats and Camels,' till it ran through, I was to have had."

"Well, you'll get it off your hands in some other paper."

"Devil a bit; it was written to order—written up to some confounded blocks that the beggar bought wholesale of Flicker and Dowse before they went to smash."

"How much do you put your claim at, Ralph?"

"A hundred and twenty-five, and cheap enough, too, for a fortnight in Sheffield."

"It'll be all right, my boys," said Travers. "Never say die! Down one moment—up the next! Look at me—I began as call-boy and sub-deputy assistant property-man, at eight-and-sixpence a week, and I've just signed an engagement for five-and-thirty pounds. It'll be your turn next. Lor' bless you, it isn't half such a bad world as people think! The devil isn't half as black as he's painted!"

"Nor speculating publishers half as white as they're white-washed," said Ralph. "Oh, come in; don't stand knocking there."

The door opened, and a waiter put a letter into Ralph's hand. A lawyer's letter—blue paper and a red criss-crossed wafer. At any other time Ralph would have kept it to stick, unopened, upon his mantelpiece, where it would have remained for months, while he and his friends amused themselves with lively conjectures as to its contents. But matters were getting serious, and he opened it with a solemn face.

"13, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, Feb. 4, 1860."

"SIR,—We regret to inform you that int-elligence has just reached us of the death of the Right Hon. Baron Singleton and his eldest son, the Honourable Hugh Warren, who were unfortunately drowned by the sudden capsizing of a yacht off Selsey Bill. We are instructed by your father, the present Baron Singleton, to communicate to you his desire that you should join him at Singleton without any delay."

"We are instructed that you are at liberty to draw upon us to the amount of £100 (one hundred pounds) to defray your necessary expenses."

"We have the honour to be, Sir, your very obedient servts.,"
"WARDLE AND TAPP."

"To the Hon. Ralph Warren,
'The Jolly Super,' Bedfordbury"

CHAPTER II.

LITTLE WOMAN.

RALPH WARREN rose and left his companions without a word. He walked moodily downstairs, paid his score, and strolled into the street. It was some time before he could quite realize his position. The whole thing was so sudden—so wholesale—the unexpected change in his prospects was so overwhelming, that he had to repeat the contents of the letter several times to himself before he could realize them. He walked up and down Covent Garden for nearly an hour, and after he had read and re-read the astounding letter three or four dozen times, he began to realize the fact that instead of drudging wearily and obscurely at half-paid author-work, he was to be suddenly removed to an almost brilliant position, with the probable command of what appeared to him to be unlimited wealth, and an almost certain prospect of a peerage; for his elder brother, the cripple, to whom allusion has already been made, would certainly never marry, and indeed was scarcely likely to live many years.

He put his hand into his breast-pocket to open and read for the fiftieth time the communication which had so agitated him, and he drew forth by mistake a poor humble little letter

addressed to him in a girlish hand. It reminded him that he had that evening promised to meet one Mary Vyner at Oxford Circus, at eight o'clock. It then wanted but twenty minutes to eight so he went into the Strand and mounted an omnibus which would take him past the spot.

It's a dreadful thing to confess, but Mary Vyner was a milliner's assistant in Vigo Street, Regent Street. I am afraid I must add that Ralph Warren had never been properly introduced to her; and while I am about it, I may as well admit that he was in the habit of meeting her about twice a week, in the evening, too, at eight o'clock, and of taking her to a theatre (he was on the free list everywhere) or some other place of amusement, where they beguiled the time until eleven, when Mary Vyner had to report herself in Vigo Street. This is all very shocking indeed, and quite indefensible, and, indeed, the only thing that anybody could find to say in palliation of its atrocity was that Mary Vyner was, on the whole, a very good little girl, that Ralph Warren, although a free liver, was not an utterly unconscientious scamp, and that although they had known each other for about two years, no harm had ever come, or was ever likely to come, of their meetings. I don't mean to say that Mary Vyner's was altogether a perfect character; she was rather thoughtless, rather too fond of admiration perhaps, and certainly imprudent in allowing Ralph Warren to meet her, time after time, without ascertaining how he proposed that these meetings should end. But notwithstanding this, Mary Vyner was a quiet, modest, lady-like little girl, whose greatest fault was an absolute devotion to, and an overwhelming belief in, the merits of the rather graceless young gentleman who was then on his way to meet her. She had learnt to love him with all the fervour that her blind little heart was capable of; and if he did not reciprocate her attachment to its full extent, he was still a great deal too fond of Mary Vyner to do her any deliberate wrong. So these heedless young people met, and met, and met again, and beyond the fact that it was very shocking and highly improper, no harm whatever had hitherto come of it.

Ralph Warren was in some perplexity. He hardly knew how to break the important news to Mary Vyner, and still less did he know how to act with reference to her, now that his position was so materially altered.

"Mary," said he, when they met, "I've good and bad news. My grandfather is dead."

Mary had never heard of his having a grandfather, for Warren had purposely kept the aristocratic features of his family history a secret from her. However, he didn't seem very much distressed, and Mary consoled with him in the usual form. She was so matter-of-fact as to wind up by asking Singleton whether his position would be at all improved by it.

"Very considerably. He was Lord Singleton, and my father was his second son."

"Lord Singleton! Then there is only one between your father and the title?"

"There is not one. My father's elder brother died with my grandfather, and my father takes the peerage."

"Your father Lord Singleton? Oh, Ralph, you never told me this?"

"Why should I? It would have frightened you away from me."

"It would. Oh, Ralph, you won't leave me—say you won't leave me! Promise me that!" said poor little Mary, with her eyes full of tears.

"I must leave you for a short time to go to Singleton—my father's place; but—I will return."

They walked on in silence. It was pretty evident that they would "assist" at no theatre that night.

"Ralph," said she, after a pause, "you may go away from me if you like, and I will never, never follow you or trouble you again. I have loved you, oh, so much, so much! and I think I shall never be happy again if you go; but do go, dear Ralph, if you think it best. I shall be dreadfully sad and dull at first—oh!" (bursting into tears) "how sad and dull I shall be!"

"Little Woman!" said Ralph, placing her hand in his (it was quite dark), "don't cry so terribly. Come into the Park, and we will talk this over."

I am afraid that when Ralph went to meet Mary Vyner that night, he had made up his mind that that meeting must be their last. But the Little Woman's sobs had moved him, and he felt that the tie between them was not to be so easily broken.

"Listen," said he, impulsively, but yet with a quiet force that astonished him, "I never openly told you that I loved you, because I never thought—well I didn't expect to be ever able to marry any one. But if you will have me, Little Woman, now that my prospects are brighter—if you will take me with all my faults, as I am—we will be married, privately, as soon as the affairs connected with my grandfather's and uncle's deaths are settled."

They stood still. Little Woman laid her fair young face against his strong chest, and he, bending his head, kissed the big brown eyes that looked up so trustfully into his own.

And this was the plighting of Ralph Warren to Mary Vyner.

CHAPTER III.

LADY JULIA AND HER RIVAL.

RALPH WARREN went down to join his father at Singleton the next day. The meeting of the two was curious enough. Lord Singleton had neither seen nor heard from Ralph since that erratic young man left his government appointment to seek his bread as a journalist. As Lord Singleton's father had "discharged" him on the first occasion of his running counter to his will, so did he discharge his son. It was a part of the family code, supported by many precedents, that erring second sons should be discarded at the first opportunity, until some important family convulsion rendered it necessary that they should be forgiven. The death of the old lord and his eldest son, and the consequent succession of Colonel Warren to the peerage, was an event of sufficient importance to bring father and son together again. They were extremely gentlemanly, and, indeed, courteous to one another at first, but this dignified state of things at length relapsed into a mere cold toleration of one another's presence. The health of the poor crippled elder son was failing fast, and it soon became evident that the ex-journalist would in all probability succeed to the style, title, and estates of Lord Singleton.

So it became necessary that he should marry, and marry

well, and the lady selected for him by his father was that haughty, imperious beauty, Lady Julia Domner, the only daughter of the Earl of Sangazure, K.G., Lord-Lieutenant of the County, and Honorary Colonel of the Turniptopshire Yeomanry.

If I have conveyed the impression (and I am afraid I have) that all this was arranged the day after Ralph's arrival at Singleton, I must stop to correct. It was the work of fifteen months. I should like to have conveyed some notion of that interval of time by expatiating at considerable length upon the demeanour of Lord Singleton and his son on stepping suddenly from the gloom of almost penniless obscurity into the full blaze of nobility, wealth, and county distinction. I should like to have told how the new lord made himself utterly ridiculous at first, how, by slow degrees, he arrived at something like a proper appreciation of the form of conduct which was expected of him, and how eventually he subsided into a fairly respectable type of a wealthy but rather foolish county swell. I should like to show how Ralph also made all sorts of blunders at first, more particularly in the matter of field sports and other county amusements, with which he was of course wholly unfamiliar. However, he had more of the natural gentleman about him than his father, and at the dinner-table or in the drawing-room his behaviour was unexceptionable. I should also like to have shown how, at first, he corresponded regularly (though secretly) with Mary Vyner—how Little Woman's eyes gradually, though surely, opened to the fact that Ralph was slowly "getting out of it;" how she bore his faithlessness at first with a sham pride which did not sit at all comfortably on her homely little shoulders, and how the sham pride eventually broke down and left her as weeping, heart-broken, deserted, and hopeless a Little Woman as any in wide London. But there are other matters more immediately to the point, and I must not run on too long.

Lady Julia Domner was, as I have said, a cold, imperious beauty. Her father was an impoverished peer, who hoped, by an alliance with the wealthy Warrens, to secure a becoming position for his only daughter. Lord Singleton saw, clearly enough, that his county position would stand all the more strongly for the shoring-up that it would derive from an alliance with Lord Sangazure's family. Ralph, completely cut off from his old associates, and anxious to gain a good footing in his new position, didn't much care whom he married, so that that end was obtained. So the marriage was determined upon, and all parties were satisfied.

In justice to Ralph, I must admit that his desertion of poor Mary Vyner was not unattended by some serious qualms of conscience. He thought often and often of the poor little girl, read over and over again the long touching letters that she wrote upon its becoming evident to her that he was casting her off. But a sense that a public acknowledgment of her as his wife was out of the question, and moreover that he had gone too far with Lady Julia to render it possible that he could break it off with her without bringing himself into public contempt, reconciled him, to some extent, to the course of conduct he was pursuing.

He was not happy in his courtship of Lady Julia. He had always preferred the pretty to the magnificent, and her little brother's plump governess was very much more to his mind. Lady Julia began by treating him rather coldly, but she was a clever and intensely appreciative woman, and the singular charm of Ralph's conversation eventually exercised an extraordinary fascination over her. She began by rather disliking him than otherwise—she ended by loving him with as much devotion as her cold, undemonstrative nature was capable of.

The first novelty of the thing over, Ralph found that the fetters of a formed engagement bored him fearfully. The eternal rides and drives—always with the same companions; the eternal congratulations—always in the same form of words; the eternal evenings at Lord Sangazure's, each a replica of its predecessor, came to be looked upon by him with a feeling little short of aversion. He contrived to maintain an outward semblance of affection; but it was a hollow sham, and he knew it. His uneasiness was aggravated from time to time by receiving, at long intervals, letters from Little Woman, written in passionate bursts of grief, imploring him to send her some sign, if it was but a glove that he had worn. But Ralph could never make up his mind to open them—he kissed them and tore them up as they were.

He was altogether in a very unsatisfactory state of mind. He endeavoured at one time to revive the old happy Bohemian days by inviting Dick Pender, who wrote sporting novels, and two or three other "Aged Pilgrims," down to Singleton, but the scheme failed. Dick Pender was worth nothing on horseback, and the others spent the whole day in the billiard-room, and the evenings passed in a sort of genteel martyrdom on the drawing-room ottomans, listening to rapid county politics and stable talk, of which they understood never one word. Dick Pender made many notes on sporting subjects, of which he eventually made profitable use, but the others gained neither profit nor pleasure by the visit, and it was never repeated.

To return to Mary Vyner. The Little Woman fell dangerously sick shortly after her discovery of Ralph's faithlessness, and it became necessary that she should have country air; so she spent six months with her only relation, an uncle, who farmed a considerable number of acres in South Wales. She never breathed to any one the real cause of her illness, and when at length she recovered, and returned to Vigo Street to her work, it was supposed by her companions that her attachment to Ralph Warren was a thing altogether of the past, and her quiet, subdued demeanour was ascribed by them to the effect of the serious illness from which she had barely recovered. But Little Woman's thoughts still ran on the clever scapegrace who had left her. She made all sorts of excuses to herself for his desertion, and hoped and prayed that a day would come when he would return to her. It was silly enough in Little Woman to think such a thing possible, but in her seclusion in South Wales she had not heard of his engagement, and, for aught she knew, he might be out of England, and so her letters might not have reached him.

But the young ladies at the establishment in Vigo Street subscribed to take in the *Times*, and in the columns of that paper she read one day that the alliance between the Hon. Ralph Warren and Lady Julia Domner, which had for some time been in contemplation, was definitely fixed to take place at Sangazure Hall, her father's seat, on the 15th of the ensuing month, and that the festivities on that occasion were to be on a scale of surpassing splendour.

She was an impulsive little girl. She only waited to get leave of absence from the Lady Superior, and off she started

to Singleton. With a beating heart she inquired for Ralph, and was told that he had just left unexpectedly for the Continent, and it was not known when he would return. She then asked the way to Sangazure Hall, and finding that it was six miles distant, she hired a trap at the inn, and drove there as fast as she could induce the flyman to take her.

At Sangazure she learnt that Lady Julia Domner was very unwell, and unable to see any one, but on sending a message to the effect that her business was of the deepest importance, Lady Julia consented to see her. Little Woman's big heart bounded within her as she was ushered into her presence.

Lady Julia was a very beautiful woman, with a marble face and blue-black hair, and Little Woman felt her blood rush home as she looked upon her magnificent rival. But she did not cry—she was too excited for that; she stood in the centre of the room, with one hand pressed to her heart, and breathing heavily, as one who had overtaxed her strength in running.

"Who are you? what do you want with me?" asked Lady Julia.

"I have come all the way from town to see you; forgive me—I am so unhappy!" gasped poor Little Woman.

"But what business have you with me? I am unwell, and may not be intruded upon without good cause."

"Lady Julia, I went first to Singleton, but he was not there."

Lady Julia started.

"Has your business any connection with Mr. Warren?"

Little Woman nodded affirmatively—she had no breath to speak with.

"Speak out—don't be afraid; let me know everything."

The proud woman seemed strangely agitated, although her countenance still wore the same cold marble rigidity as when Mary first entered the room. It was in the heaving of that magnificent bust, and the nervous clutching of those long firm fingers, that Mary saw that her words had worked some extraordinary effect on her rival.

"I am Mary Vyner—he loved me. Oh! I'm sure he loved me; give him back to me! Oh, Lady Julia, have mercy upon me!"

"He loved you?"

"Oh! so well; but that was long ago, when he was poor. He left me on his grandfather's death, promising to come back and marry me; but he never came, and I have been so ill."

Little Woman's tears came now.

"You should not have come here to seek your paramour—"

"The tears stopped, frightened away by the indignant flash of Little Woman's eyes. Lady Julia saw that she had made a mistake.

"I beg your pardon," said she; "I spoke in hot blood. Mr. Warren is not here; it will perhaps be some consolation to you to learn that he and I are utter strangers from this day. He has just left Singleton, and will never return."

"Left you?"

"Left me. It is enough for you to know that. If it will tend to restore your peace of mind to learn that Mr. Warren is nothing whatever to me—"

The tears in her proud eyes belied it, and she turned aside to hide them. But they came all the more for that, although she strove with all the force of her strong will to repress them. At last she bent her head upon the arm of the sofa on which she was sitting, and let them have their way.

Little Woman crept timidly to her side, and with fear and trembling took her noble rival's hand. Lady Julia did not withdraw it.

"Lady Julia, you are a lady of high rank, I am a poor milliner's girl; don't let me forget that in what I am going to say. I loved Ralph (I must call him so) devotedly; I love him still, or I should not be here. Before he quitted me, each day was an earthly life that died and left me in heaven. He was so good to me, so kind to me, so true to me; he was so clever and I so common-place. He left me to go to Singleton, and I have never seen him since. I have been true to him—who would not be?—I have waited and waited for him, believed in him through the long dreary days and the cold black nights—through a long, long illness which nearly killed me—through my slow recovery—even through the knowledge that he was on the point of being married to you. I loved him in my humble way as devotedly as you could have done. I suffered when he left me as you suffer now. Dear Lady Julia, I came here in hot anger to upbraid you for having torn my love from me; I remain to tell you how well I know how to sympathize with your bereavement, and to beg of you to pardon me for having broken in upon you with my selfish sorrow at such a time."

Lady Julia bent her beautiful head upon Little Woman's shoulder. All sense of animosity, all distinction of rank, was swamped by their common grief.

"We are sisters in our sorrow. God bless you, Mary Vyner, for your sympathy. You must leave me now; but take this ring, which may serve to remind you of the strange bond between us. Now go, but come and see me when I am stronger."

And Little Woman, with her hot sorrow strangely chastened, hurried back to town.

And there she found, at last, a letter from Ralph. A hot, fevered letter, written under a passionate impulse—a letter that told her how he had longed for her throughout his engagement to another, how her form had been in his mind all day, and in his eyes all night, how he had chafed under the fetters he had woven for himself, how he had freed himself from them at one reckless bound, and how he would be at the old trysting place at the old time that night.

And Little Woman kept the appointment.

All who admire Paris—and their name is legion—will regret the decision which M. Jules Ferry has felt himself obliged to take in order to obtain firewood. The trees of the capital are to be sacrificed, and already the axe is laid to the root of many a fine old elm and a plane tree which for many lustres have added to the embellishment of this city and afforded citizens grateful shade in the fierce summer. It is to be hoped that the hatchet will be plied with discrimination, and that the secular timber in the Jardin des Plantes and the gardens of the Luxembourg and the Tuileries will be spared. Paris must have made up its mind to any sacrifice since it submits without a murmur to be shorn of half its beauty.



THE DUKE OF AOSTA, KING OF SPAIN.



THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA.



THE WAR.—HOSPITAL WARD IN THE PALACE AT VERSAILLES.



THE WAR.—AN ADVANCED OUTPOST AT ST. CLOUD.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

GOING TO AMERICA.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

IN SHIPS ON THE OCEAN.

On the sea wall, at the docks of Liverpool, a solitary man stands in the night, in thick darkness. By a chance he was there once before; and now patiently awaits renewal of a vision, seldom looked for by people abiding in the town, and only discernible by the vivid of fancy; a vision mysterious, sublime, beautiful.

No moon, no stars, no glimmer of light. No wind stirring the waters, or rigging of the ships. There is but one sound, the invisible inflowing tide lap, lap, lapping on the stones. "And the spirit moved upon the face of the waters." He listens, he hears, and counts pulses of eternity, in that long, long night preceding the dawn of time.

What is that? Something with glaring red, and white, and green eyes in its head, in its tail, on its wings. It emerges from the invisible shore, plunging on the face of the waters, gliding around a half circle in the blackness, stops. Its fiery orbs glare upon the lone witness, this solitary soul.

What is that? Another something, hissing and spitting fire in the face of night, emerges from the invisible shore, making a circuit to its place beside the other. Red eye one side of the head, green eye other side of the head. Glaring eyes in the tail. Green and white eyes winking at, or blaring on the lone man, this solitary soul.

What is that? A third something, hissing and spitting fire in the air from tip of its black tongue. It emerges from the invisible shore. Red and green and white its eyes, in head, and in tail. It makes a wider circuit behind the other two, ranging with them. And after these seven more; ten in all. They move. Intruding mortal! they cover him with their weird eyes and advance. On the lone man, this solitary soul, they seem to come.

Sound of a voice, the morning star, the dawn, daylight, the rising sun. Sound of a voice: "Let there be light, and there was light." A city appears, a great river, a country bathed in morning glory, the ocean with ships in full sail.

Samson Steelyard, this lone man, is soaring on wing of his own rapture. He has been in sight of chaos before time came to the birth. He has stood by the Infinite on the morning of creation. "My mind to me a kingdom is," that is his song this morning.

Voices of men in chorus with clanking of chains; clink, clink, clinking of windlass and capstans. Voices of sailors on decks of many ships, raising the anchors, preparing for sea. Heave her up merrily! Heave her up cheerily! Heave away, my hearties! Heave, yo-ho! And tug steamers, which in the darkness emerged from shore with red, and white, and green glaring lights, tow out sailing ships to open ocean, and bring the homeward-bound in.

Of ships just away, are the "Hope" and "Star," carrying emigrants to ports in the United States. Of ships nearly ready, are the "Fidelia" and "Fingal," carrying emigrants, mostly poor hand-loom weavers, to ports in British America. The last named takes, of the Blanketeers: Lud, Irk, Steelyard, Thomas of Owdham, Humfrey Horn, Bess of the Barn, Bowton Trotter, Ized and Tabitha Bold, with the babe, the Zoroaster, as the child is proudly termed by the father. Similarly as its mother, daughter of poetry, is styled the Redwald. These two and child are cabin passengers. They emigrate because they must, or take the hazard of a trial for sedition. Two government agents, a doctor, twenty soldiers and some army officers are to be in this ship, in all four hundred passengers. They are not so greatly crowded as one might expect. The "Fingal" is a vessel of grand proportions, well found, well manned, and under a commander of skill.

Stowage for luggage is difficult, the quantity large and various: looms, headles, treadles, shuttles, bobbins, wheels, reels, stocking knitting machines, and frames for muslin tam-bouring. Not likely to be wanted in the forest wilderness, whither they go, but not to be left behind willingly; not to be detained by order of any authority. Sir Hullah Baloo has come to the wharf and at faintest restraint on the weavers, in the quantity of useless luggage, exclaims: "political persecution."

Mr. Verderer, chief agent of the Crown, going in the "Fingal," has been privately instructed by Lord Royalfort to treat the unfortunate weavers gently, as far as imperative circumstance permits. Verderer is an easy gentleman, meaning to be kind, but leaving his clerk, Kirby Rivers, to manage.

It is remarked at Liverpool that this ship carries stores unusually large.

"Perhaps the Blanketeers go on a much longer trip than to Canada," says a loiterer, in hearing of Irk and Lud; "more likely going to Botany Bay."

Among the weavers the remark comes up that all their leading men and women have been selected for this ship.

Steelyard suggests that the Government agent being a passenger, the prominent Blanketeers are allotted to this vessel for conference and arrangement about the land they are to occupy. Irk has misgivings, and often whispers with Lud.

When they are clear of port ten days, weather fine and sea-sickness abating, Lud, Steelyard, and Irk go as a deputation to the cabin to see the Government officer. They had asked an interview in the morning, and were told to come in the evening. It is now dusk. Mr. Verderer is with the captain and military officers at wine. Kirby Rivers receives the deputation, gruffly demanding:

"What do you want?"

"We come," says Lud, "to see Mr. Verderer by appointment."

"You cannot see Mr. Verderer; what do you want? I am here to answer for him, and for myself also."

"In that case we address you, Mr. Rivers. We have come thus far from home, trusting the promise of Crown and Government that we go to Canada to take possession of a tract of country, sufficient to give to each family or two male adults, a lot of two hundred acres, exclusive of roads, village lots, and church reserves. This land is to be conveyed to us, a free grant from the Crown. We are to have implements, seed, and provisions for two years; cross-cut saw and grinding stone between two. Such was the promise. We are told this ship carries none of the implements, and feel desirous of having particulars settled. That is, when Mr. Verderer is at leisure."

"What particulars do you want settled?"

"We should see, on a map of the country, the locality of the intended settlement."

"What if the country has no map?"

"The country no map! We have seen the map; have one with us in fact. We require to be informed of the locality, and to see the land-warrants his Honour was to bring from London."

"With what conscience do you radical Blanketeers expect gifts of land from the Crown, when only last year you bound yourselves by oath that no farm in England was, in future, to exceed fifty acres. Were you not in arms to abolish private property in land, and to divide farms down to fifty acres?"

"Last year is not this year," replies Lud. "We satisfy our own consciences in this matter. Two hundred acres of land a family, or one hundred acres a single man, were promised by a power higher than you, Mr. Rivers. Show the warrants authorizing our occupation of that land. Show the locality of the land on the map."

"Your land belongs to no map. That is, if ever you have land other than six feet by two. The higher authority than myself of which you speak, has committed the choice of location to Mr. Verderer and to me. We may or may not select a location on arriving in the country. The place of your destination has no map. That is my answer. Return to your berths."

The deputation withdraw to relate in the steerage what has been said in the cabin. On the deck a man whispers Steelyard to stop. In the dark his features are not seen; nor is his voice or person known to the listener. He says:—

"Your name, I think, is Steelyard. I am Jack Holt, a sailor, and have something to tell. I saw you standing on the sea wall at Liverpool in the dead of night, alone; why did you remain there, hours and hours in the murky dark?"

"That was my own affair. How do you know? Where was you?"

"Watching Samson Steelyard. Are you now ready to hear what I have to tell?"

"If it be a proper thing for me to know, Jack, tell it."

"Promise not to mention it again, leastways, not without my permission; or, if you do whisper it to any one, conceal my name."

"I promise that."

"Swear upon your soul not to reveal this secret."

"I will not swear. Why should I swear to a thing I know nothing of? Keep the secret to yourself if it must be sworn to."

"You shall know it, and must keep it until honourably released from the obligation. Else something terrible may occur."

"Say no more, Jack Holt. Confide no secret to me. Not to me."

"I must. You are now bound to listen. I have gone too far to stop."

"Well, sailor, say on. What is it?"

"It is this: You weavers are not going to Canada. You are not going anywhere to receive gifts of Crown lands. This ship takes you to a desert island, a wilderness, to be treated as slaves or convicts, until you reimburse Government for the costs of fighting you at the battle of Stone Grove, last year."

"We'll turn back the ship!"

"Will you? What of the soldiers? Attempt it, or look alarmed, or seem suspicious, and the whole gang of you are to be battered down under hatches. If need be, chained by the feet, two and two together. And, if mutinous, shot."

"Jack Holt, either this is falsehood, or it is —"

"You would say base, brutal treachery. Which is it?"

"Falsehood!"

"Listen, Mr. Steelyard. If Lord Royalfort was brutal enough to send the armed yeomanry on the weavers at Stone Grove, riding them down at the gallop, wounding and slaying defenceless working men, think you he is not capable of devising and enjoying vengeance for the loss of his grand-child and heir, whom some of you hold concealed somewhere, so it is lately rumoured. Lord Royalfort's wrath will pursue you as long as a Stone Grove weaver, or the child of one lives. Unless, indeed, his infant heir be safely restored."

"Jack, this is not the speech of a sailor. Who are you?"

"You have my name. I tell this for your safety as a warning, and run deadly risk in the matter. Who am I, indeed? That is the usual thanks for honest service."

"I do not believe your story, Jack Holt, not any part of it. How is any of our weavers to be in possession of the Royalfort boy? The infant was torn limb from limb by eagles in Scotland, as was well known at the time. Lord Royalfort is a generous and good man. Impetuous in temper, perhaps, but incapable of treachery."

"Incapable? Did he not order Ballybrickery, in Ireland, to be levelled? Did he not command the Yeomanry to charge, sword in hand, on the poor weavers?"

"The poor weavers, as you term them, went out, a few armed, most not, but all in the attitude of hostility. His position demanded of him to prevent the Blanketeers from advancing on London. It has been told us that he suffers anguish at the reflection that bloodshed occurred. I for one look on that lord of Lillymere Hall as a good and generous man, aristocrat though he be. It is through his intervention with the Crown that we are to be settled in Canada on public lands, instead of being prosecuted on charges of treason, and possibly hanged."

"What, think you, are the soldiers here for? Why are the weaver chiefs gathered into this particular ship?"

"Why are the weaver chiefs here? They are here to consult with the agent during the passage about the locality of our land, and manner of its allotment."

"The locality of your land! Did not the agent, just now, contemptuously deny there is land, or to be land, other than six feet by two to each of you?"

"Kirby Rivers did. To my grief he did."

"To your alarm, say. He threatened, asserting that the country you go to has no map. I tell you it is a desert island."

"How came you to hear what was said in the cabin?"

"I know what is going on, Steelyard, and give timely warning."

"Warning against what? And why? What should we do?"

"Does nothing feasible occur to your mind?"

"Nothing; unless compelling the captain to turn back the ship."

"The soldiers, Mr. Steelyard. They are armed."

"Cannot the arms be taken from them in the night?"

"They are always alert. You are already suspected."

"Sailor, take back your horrid story. I accept no such secrets, they cannot be retained by me. I must consult with Abram Lud at once."

"Are you married, Steelyard?"

"No. Why inquire?"

"Because you might have whispered this matter to a wife; told her that escape from deadly peril depends, in some manner, on discovering if the lost heir of Lillymere be one of the children in this ship. Having no wife of your own perhaps this may be quietly confided to some other woman whose husband is, like you, in jeopardy." Which said, Jack Holt disappears.

Steelyard leans over the ship's side, meditating to this effect: "Who is that man? What are his motives? Signs of alarm, or suspicion of our knowing the plot against us, may lead to imprisonment under hatches. To be chained, perhaps shot. So, that is why soldiers are here. The pretence was their going to Colonial regiments. The story may be confided to an alarmed woman who in due course will spread it, and so, all of us alarmed may be imprisoned and the catastrophe completed. That is one view of the matter, and the worst. I cannot accept this as possible. Yet the insolence of Kirby Rivers seems to confirm it."

Thus disturbed in thought, Steelyard goes below. A cry of voices:

"Here he comes. Let him answer for himself. Hear what he has to say; then proceed with the trial. Instant execution—gagged and overboard, if guilty."

To be continued.

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THE RUSSELL HOUSE.....JAMES GOVIN.

QUEBEC.

ST. LOUIS HOTEL.....WILLIS RUSSELL & SON.

THE CLARENDON.....

STRATHROY,

EXCHANGE HOTEL.....W. LONG.

TORONTO.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL.....CAPT. THOS. DICK.

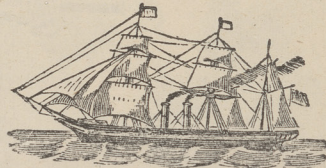
To indicate how advantageous a medium the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS must be to Advertisers, we may state that its distribution list comprises at present over 559 Post Offices scattered over the whole Dominion, and that it is sold on all trains and steamers.

Its circulation in Canada as well as in the United States and in England, is constantly and rapidly increasing.

Arrangements are being made, and have already been in part effected, to have the Canadian Illustrated News on FILE, combined with an illustrated Dominion Guide, and enclosed in a splendid Morocco cover, in the Drawing-room of the principal Hotels of Canada, and of London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Brighton, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin; in the Pullman Palace Cars, and on the Dining Table of every vessel of the splendid and popular Allan line of Steamships, where every advertisement will be perused over and over again by thousands and thousands of travellers, during the tedious hours of an Ocean voyage.

M. BUTLER, DEALER IN, BALTIMORE OYSTERS, Wholesale and Retail. FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS. 45 ST. JOHN STREET, Opposite Longmore & Wilson's Printing Office, Montreal, P. Q. (SUCCESSOR TO W. J. CRAVEN.) 3-5 d

ALLAN LINE.



Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of

Canadian & United States Mails,

1870-1.—Winter Arrangements.—1870-1.

This Company's Lines are composed of the under-noted First-class, Full-powered, Clyde-built, Double-Engine, Iron Steamships:

Vessels	Ton's	Commanders.
ASSYRIAN.....	3,400	(Building.)
CASPIAN.....	3,200	Capt. Scott.
SCANDINAVIAN.....	3,000	Capt. Ballantyne.
PRUSSIAN.....	3,000	Lieut. Dutton, R.N.R.
AUSTRIAN.....	2,700	Capt. J. Wylie.
NESTORIAN.....	2,700	Capt. A. Aird.
MORAVIAN.....	2,650	Capt. Brown.
PERUVIAN.....	2,600	L. Smith, R.N.R.
GERMAN.....	3,250	Capt. J. Graham.
EUROPEAN.....	2,646	Capt. Bouchette.
HIBERNIAN.....	2,434	Capt. R. S. Watts.
NOVA SCOTIAN.....	2,300	Capt. Richardson.
NORTH AMERICAN.....	1,784	Capt. Trocks.
CORINTHIAN.....	2,400	Capt. W. Grange.
OTTAWA.....	1,831	Lieut. Archer, R.N.R.
ST. DAVID.....	1,650	Capt. E. Scott.
ST. ANDREW.....	1,432	Capt. Ritchie.
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NORWAY.....	1,100	Capt. C. N. Mylins.
SWEDEN.....	1,150	Capt. Mackenzie.

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.

(Sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Portland every SATURDAY, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland) are intended to be despatched from Portland:—

NORTH AMERICAN.....	Jan. 14
PRUSSIAN.....	" 21
NESTORIAN.....	" 28
SCANDINAVIAN.....	Feb. 4
PERUVIAN.....	" 11
MORAVIAN.....	" 18

Rates of Passage from Portland:—

Cabin.....	\$70 to \$80
Steerage.....	\$25

THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE

Are intended to sail between the Clyde and Portland at intervals during the Season of Winter Navigation.

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARMER, or HUGH AND ANDREW ALLAN; in Quebec to ALLANS, RAE & Co.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AUG. SCHMITZ & Co.; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMAN & Zoon; in Hamburg to W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORN, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROS., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal.

8-8-11



THE FOLLOWING OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

Are a sample of the remarks with which our exchanges from one end of the Dominion to the other greet our weekly issues.

Its artistic excellence places it alongside of the standard illustrated weeklies of the world.—*Montreal Daily Witness*.

An excellent family paper, free from all objectionable matter.—*True Witness*, Montreal.
We have great pleasure in calling attention to the great improvement in the illustrations of the *Canadian Illustrated News*. Mr. Desbarats deserves to be assisted by the Canadian public in his costly enterprise.—*The Globe*, Toronto.

Such a publication should receive the hearty support of every true Canadian.—*Evening Herald and Prototype*, London, Ont.

No Canadian gentleman's library will be complete without this valuable paper.—*Hamilton Evening Journal*.

The paper is so well got up that it should be supported and be in every Canadian house.—*Hamilton Evening Journal*.

Its engravings are very fine and its literary department complete.—*Cayuga Sentinel*.

It should command the support of all Canadians.—*The Paris Transcript*.

An illustrated paper fully equal to those of London, Paris, Berlin, or New York.—*The News*, St. John's and Nelsonville.

No Canadian family should be without it.—*Stanstead Journal*.

One of the most beautiful illustrated papers on this Continent.—*Halifax Citizen*.

Compares favourably both in literary and artistic excellence with any of the leading illustrated periodicals of the day.—*Globe*, St. John, N. B.

The merits of this admirable publication ought to, and doubtless will, ere long, secure for it a place in every family of intelligence throughout the Dominion.—*Yarmouth Tribune*.

Considerable ability is displayed both in the literary and artistic portions of the paper.—*The Court Journal*, London, Eng.

The *Canadian Illustrated News* is undoubtedly one of the best artistical papers published in the Colonies which we have received up to this date, and the *tout ensemble* does great credit both to editor and artist, on whom the task of success of so attractive a weekly depends.—*European Mail*, London, Eng.

This excellent weekly periodical now comes to us greatly improved in its style of illustrations. The credit of establishing a weekly newspaper, profusely and regularly illustrated by photographic plates, belongs to Canada. There is no other paper like it in the world that we know of.—*Scientific American*, New York.

TERMS:

Single subscription, \$4.00 per annum.
A club of six copies to one address, 20.00

Postage: 5 cents per Quarter, payable in advance by the Subscribers, at their respective Post Offices.

PUBLICATION AND PRINTING OFFICE, 319, ST. ANTOINE STREET,
GENERAL AGENCY, 1, PLACE D'ARMES HILL, MONTREAL.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS" ENGRAVING AND PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, 319, ST. ANTOINE STREET, MONTREAL.

THE PUBLISHER of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, having become sole Proprietor of the extensive LEGGOTYPING, ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, and PRINTING WORKS from which the Paper is issued, begs to inform the friends and patrons of this Canadian enterprise, and the public in general, that he is prepared to undertake every class of Printing—PHOTOGRAPHIC, LITHOGRAPHIC, and TYPOGRAPHIC, as well as WOOD ENGRAVING, LEGGOTYPING and ELECTROTYPING, which general business he carries on under the name and style of **LEGGOTYPING**.

The peculiar facilities afforded by the combination of every branch of Printing, with every modern invention which tends to cheapen illustration, enable us to give the best quality of work at the lowest current prices.

To enumerate all the advantages which we possess in serving customers would be too lengthy. A few only will be mentioned:—

LEGGOTYPING

ENABLES us to produce a relief-line engraving from a Sketch, Photograph, or Print, in less time, and for less money, than it can otherwise be accomplished.

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FROM the best houses in Leipzig and Berlin, executes work of the finest and most artistic character.

ENGRAVERS ON STONE,

AND Chromo-draughtsmen of European education and experience, give us the best talent available in that line.

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY,

By new and perfect methods, gives results wonderful in beauty and rapidity of execution. This branch is applicable to the reproduction of Maps, Illustrations, and Books, whether the number required be large or small.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ROOMS

ARE fitted with the LARGEST CAMERAS and LENSES IN AMERICA, and the reproduction of Engravings, Maps, &c., is done with mathematical accuracy.

OUR PATENT CAMERA

ENABLES us to photograph buildings in any position, or of any height, without distorting their natural appearance, by preserving every upright line perpendicular.

THE ONLY STEAM LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTING MACHINES IN CANADA, built by R. HOE & Co., of New York,

ARE in this establishment, which runs four Steam Lithographic Presses, three large Cylinder Type Presses, besides numerous job, steam and hand presses.

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MAPS, PLANS, MUSIC,

BOOK-WORK, PAMPHLETS,

CIRCULARS, BILL-HEADS,

BANK CHEQUES & NOTES,

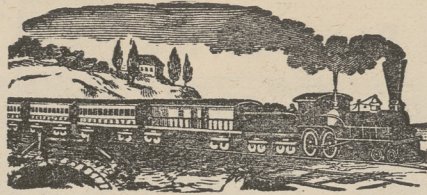
SHOW-CARDS, BUSINESS CARDS,

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS,

MEDICAL, PERFUME,

And other LABELS,

ARE specialties in our business; in fact, orders received for every species of Plain and Ornamental Printing, will be filled with Elegance and Despatch, at mutually satisfactory prices.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Improved Service of Trains for the Winter of 1870,

Acceleration of Speed.

NEW CARS ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS.

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:—

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Mail Train for Toronto and intermediate stations 8.00 a. m.

Night Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West at 8.00 p. m.

Accommodation Train for Kingston, Toronto and intermediate stations at 6.09 a. m.

Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate stations at 4.00 p. m.

Trains for Lachine at 6.00 a. m., 7.00 a. m., 9.15 a. m., 12 noon, 1.30 p. m., 4.00 p. m., and 5.30 p. m. The 1.30 p. m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Accommodation for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7.10 a. m.

Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9.00 a. m.

Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central at 3.45 p. m.

Express for New York and Boston, via Plattsburgh, Lake Champlain, Burlington and Rutland at 6.00 a. m.

Do. do. do. 4.00 p. m.

Express for Island Pond at 2.00 p. m.

Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond, Gorham, and Portland, and the Lower Provinces, stopping between Montreal and Island Pond at St. Hilaire, St. Hyacinthe, Upton, Acton, Richmond, Brompton Falls, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton, Coaticook, and Norton Mills, only, at 10.10 p. m.

Sleeping Cars on all night trains. Baggage checked through.

The Steamers "Carlotta" or "Chase" will leave Portland for Halifax, N. S., every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at 4.00 p. m. They have excellent accommodations for Passengers and Freight.

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C. J. BRYDGES,
Managing Director.

Montreal, Nov. 7, 1870.

2-21-zz



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STEEL DRILL-PROOF DOORS,

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PARISIAN TOOTH-PASTE

CLEANS THE TEETH AND SWEETENS THE BREATH.

All respectable Chemists keep it.
25 Cents a box. 2-22 tf

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THE AMERICAN OYSTER COMPANY'S

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No. 17, PLACE D'ARMES.

In view of this indisputable fact J. B. BUSS, (who has been connected with the business for the last 15 years) is determined that everybody shall understand where the luxury may be found. To every lover of the BIVALVE he would say

BUY NONE BUT

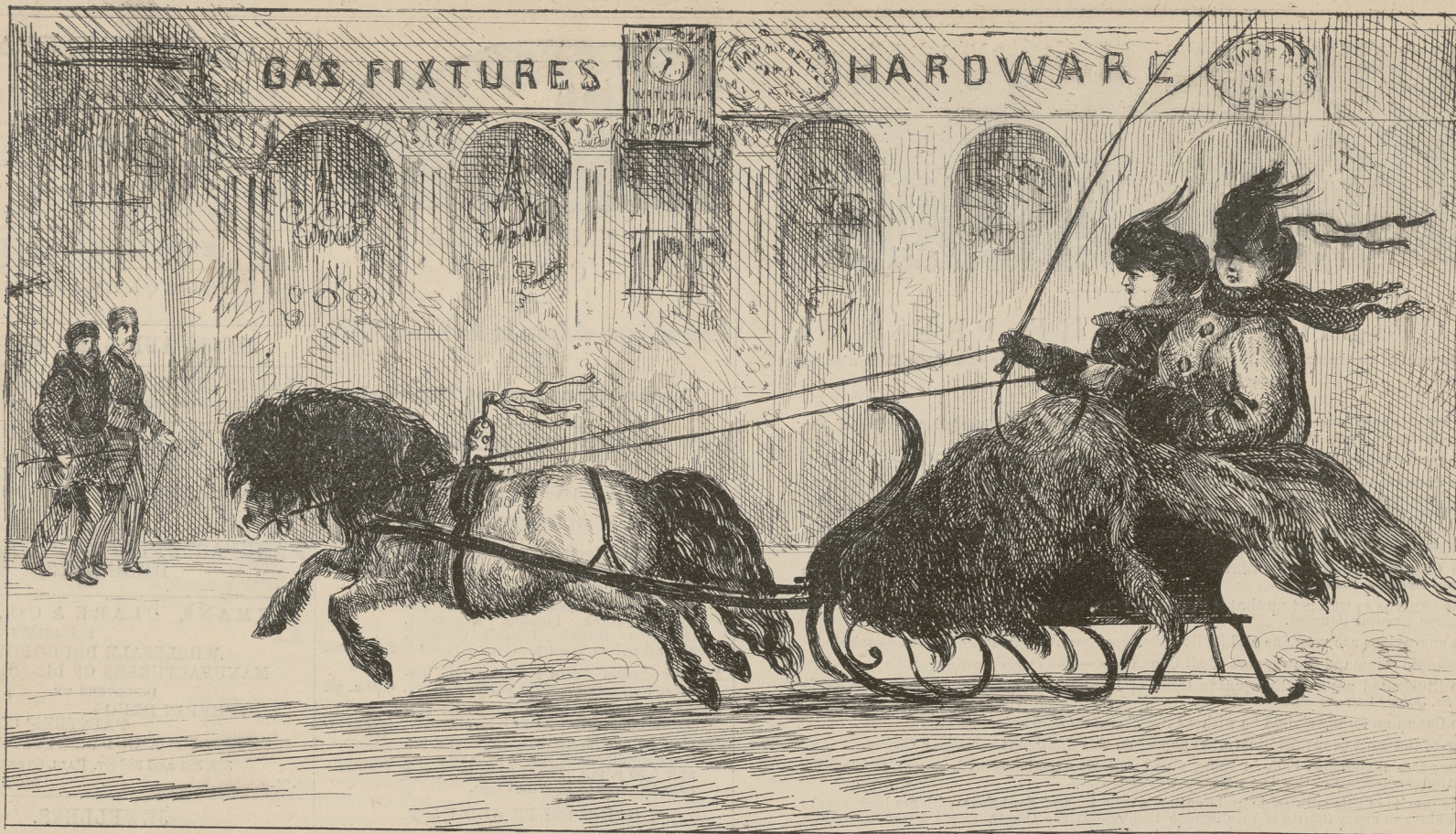
J. B. BUSS' OYSTERS.

They are put up in the neatest possible manner, and delivered to any part of the city, and furnished either in cans, kegs, bulk, or in the shell.
By leaving your orders at 17, PLACE D'ARMES you will be sure to get the best Oysters in the city.

J. B. BUSS,

No. 17, PLACE D'ARMES.

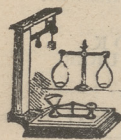
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CRUELTY TO ANIMALS: A SCENE IN KING STREET, TORONTO.

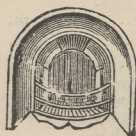
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 building in St. Thérèse Street, Montreal, now
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 MANUFACTURER.
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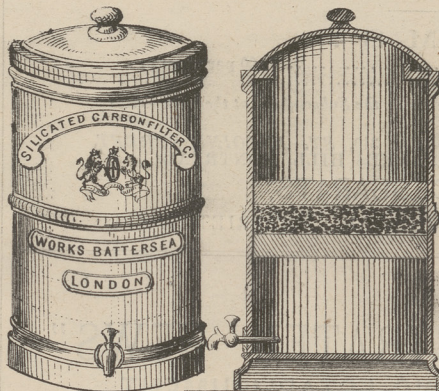


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 GRATE COAL,
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 ALL OF THE BEST DESCRIPTION.
 J. & E. SHAW.
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 A LARGE STOCK OF THE CELEBRATED
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 tract Vegetable and Mineral impurities, making the
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2-21-tf



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 EXTENSIVELY USED IN THE
 ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND,
 and in that of His Excellency
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 A Large Assortment just received. 33tf

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\$3 WATCH! \$3 WATCH!

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Eureka Aluminum Gold Watch Co.
 HAVE APPOINTED
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And have authorized them to sell their great EUREKA
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 Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 26

1870.
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 at the MEDICAL HALL, opposite the Post Office,
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 ONLY 50cts PER BOTTLE. 8tf

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